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NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

On the Nature of the Thaw

GERHART NIEMEYER

Merry Christmas to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare

ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

Peterson's Law of Inflation

WILLIAM H. PETERSON

Articles and Reviews by . . FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · J.D. FUTCH · RUSSELL KIRK
FRANK S. MEYER · GARRY WILLS · JAMES BURNHAM

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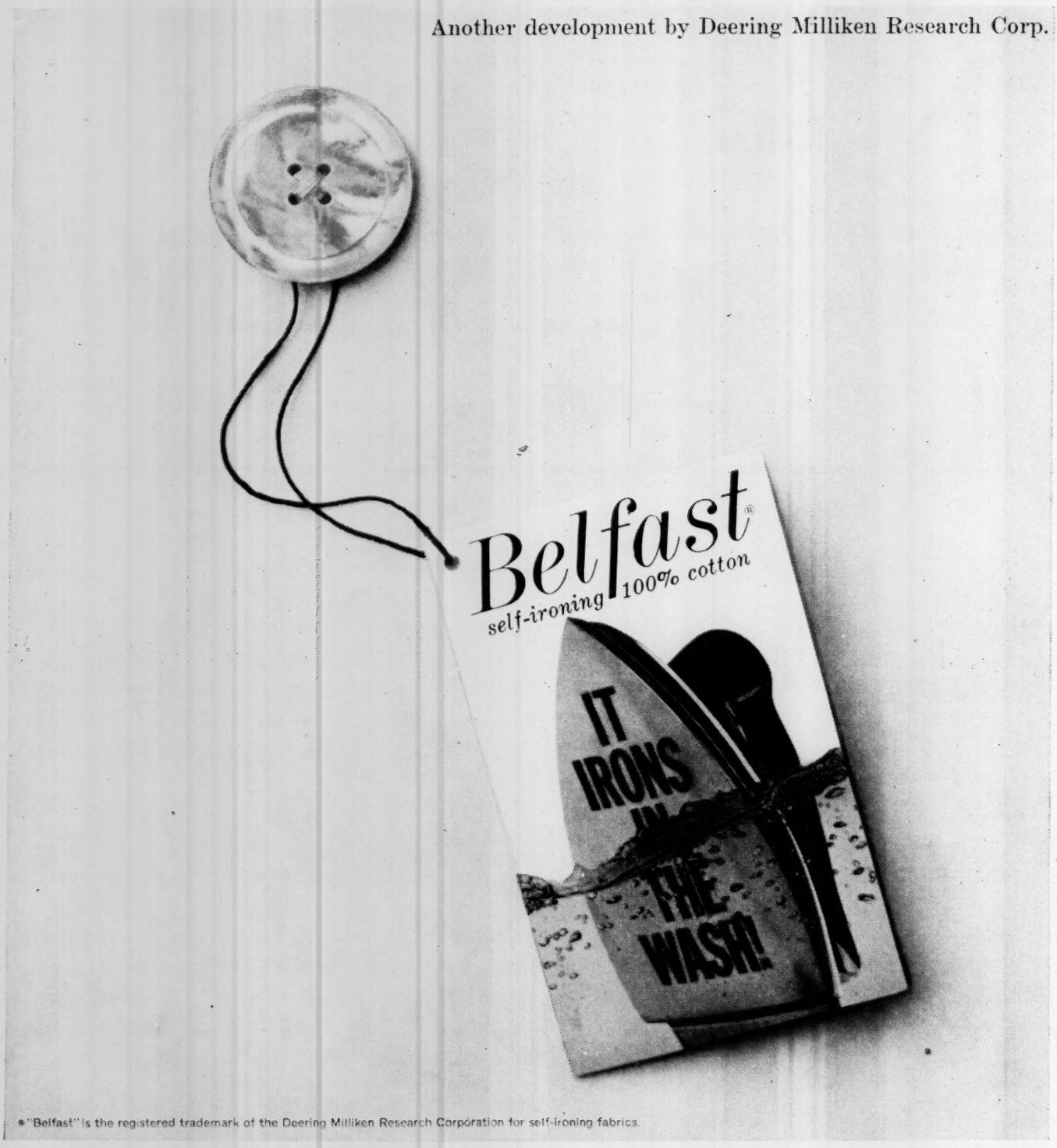

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

Labor leaders, expected to finance much of the Democratic Presidential campaign, have let it be known they think only two of the candidates can win: Kennedy or Symington. Labor prefers Kennedy, but gives Symington best chance nationally. . . . Adlai Stevenson's resurgence in connection with Eleanor Roosevelt Democratic jamboree December 7 for public consumption only, say Democratic insiders. Harry Truman and Carmine De Sapio let it be known Adlai would be nominated only over their politically dead bodies.

Discount rumors for time being that Leonard Hall will be dropped as unofficial Nixon campaign manager. Story is being spread by inner circle Republican opponents who think Hall has no guts. . . . GOP ticket Democrats fear most, right now, is Nixon-Mitchell slate. (Our slate: Nixon-Rockefeller—with Rockefeller promising to contribute the annual deficit.) . . . New Jersey Republicans have been pressuring Clifford Case to retire in order to allow Mitchell to run for his seat, but Case standing firm, so it will be Case vs. Morris in the N. J. primary. . . . From the Kiplinger newsletter (honest): "Is Rockefeller a 'Roosevelt New Dealer' in disguise? NO . . . although he's a social liberal. . . ." Stronger than ever in Arizona, Senator Barry Goldwater. His campaign to make the people understand what federal aid to education is all about even getting plaudits from opposition Tucson Star.

The Communist Worker—casting its eye over the past twelve months—professes its satisfaction with world developments in 1959; says, in a sworn statement, its circulation over the year averaged 14,627 copies. . . . The Supreme Court will not review State Department refusal to allow photographer William Worthy, author Waldo Frank and Congressman Charles Porter to visit Communist China. . . . The leader of the anti-Communist, anti-Sukarno Indonesian rebels has been refused a visa to the United States.

Trend of the times? Public Action, Inc. (131 East 69th Street, New York 21, N.Y.) reports it asked its (conservative) members to write postcards to congressmen about seven different pieces of legislation last session (5 economic, 1 labor, 1 states' rights), and in each case the bill it opposed was defeated.

The WEEK

● Over a television program last week ("Open Mind," NBC, New York, Dec. 6), John Emmet Hughes, formerly principal speechwriter for Dwight Eisenhower, a supporter of and now speechwriter for Nelson Rockefeller, announced that his conscience would trouble him less if Rockefeller were running on the Democratic rather than the Republican ticket. "In order for Rockefeller to qualify as a Democrat," asked a panelist of Mr. Hughes, "would it in your mind be necessary for him to change a single position he now holds?" "None whatsoever," said Mr. Rockefeller's ghost.

● Charging a violation of the new Landrum-Griffin Act, two rank-and-file members of the Brotherhood of Carpenters have asked the State Circuit Court of Marion County, Indiana, for a judgment against Maurice Hutcheson, president of the union, and other officers for allegedly misusing organization funds to bribe certain state officials. The decision of the court in this, the first test of Section 501 of the new act, will inevitably have a powerful bearing on what union officials choose to do with the "other people's money" paid into union treasuries.

● Louisiana voters have, by their vote in the gubernatorial primary, confused Northern columnists: 1) Earl Long finally got his comeuppance — he couldn't even make the run-off for the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant Governor; 2) New Orleans Mayor deLesseps Morrison, a Paul Butler Liberal who must be acceptable to any Northern columnist, fused Catholic, Negro and Jimmy Hoffa support (he reputedly promised to let Teamsters unionize municipal workers) into a winning combination as front-runner for Governor; 3) State Senator William Rainach, states-righter, who ran third to Morrison and guitar-twanging Jimmy Davis, must now decide whether to throw his support to Davis in order to try to beat Liberal Morrison, or keep quiet; 4) If Rainach supports Davis in the January 9 run-off against Morrison, Kent Courtney's States' Rights Party will probably wage only a perfunctory campaign on a third party ticket; if Rainach keeps quiet, the fur will fly. Morrison, incidentally, is a Kennedy man.

● AFL-CIO chief George Meany, a man notable for his impatience with the artifice of this vague and tinselled world, has once more cut through the wishful-thinking fog to the heart of an issue. The German question, said Mr. Meany in accepting an honorary award from Chancellor Konrad Adenauer in Bonn, should be settled by all-German free elections. Mr. Khrushchev, noted Mr. Meany, has told the press that Germany is a problem for the Germans. Why not, then, Mr. Meany inquires, allow the Germans to decide it? When we contrast Mr. Meany's intelligent realism on foreign policy with his professional demagogy on labor's affairs, we sometimes wish we could arrange a job swap between him and Christian Herter. Maybe *both* would feel more at home.

● Robert Johnson, Chancellor of Temple University, has shown commendable courage in tweaking the aquiline noses of the nation's academic demi-gods on the student loyalty oath question. Unlike Harvard's Nathan Pusey or Yale's Whitney Griswold, Johnson sees nothing degrading or absurd in pledging one's allegiance to one's country. But the clearest statement on this loyalty oath business comes unspoken from Wabash and Claremont Colleges, which, though they have no objection to loyalty oaths, declined government monies under the National Defense Educational Act for the very plain reason that a private college in the United States should stand on its own feet, and not become a fief of the federal government. The rest is sophistry.

● The first step has been taken in the anticipated counterattack on the pupil placement plan under which selective integration is now practiced in much of the South. The Southern Regional Council attacked the pupil placement laws as "evasive" and promised there would be no peace in the South until the schools are fully integrated. The Council will go to the Supreme Court. (The Court has upheld the placement laws but warned against their application in a discriminatory manner.) Meanwhile, watch Virginia's Prince Edward County, which abolished the public schools last fall, rather than integrate. If the experiment (all private schools) proves a success, the South, driven to the wall, may turn to that solution, and abandon its public school system.

● The President is off doing what he does best — and it is no mean ability to know how to smile so warmly as to make friends even at long distance. After all, that quality won Mr. Eisenhower the Presidency of the United States — and it is good that he should use it in behalf of the United States, that he should smile abroad and brighten the lives of the millions who have experienced Mr. E's palpable geniality. The trouble, of course, is that for Mr. Eisenhower, this kind of thing is a substitute for policy. Those who knew him during the war remarked the same thing — that General Eisenhower was fine for patching up differences, and smoothing ruffled feelings: but that he did not have an idea in his head, that he was never a "real director of thought, plans,

energy, or direction," as Alanbrooke put it. Just a coordinator, a good mixer, a champion of cooperation, and in those respects few can hold a candle to him. But is that enough? No.

● Reports released or leaking through the Iron Curtain over the past month suggest a general wave of unrest throughout the captive nations. Premier Latis of Latvia has "resigned," and the governments of Lithuania and Esthonia have been reorganized. Ilyas K. O. Abdullazev, Premier of Azerbaijan, is out. Complaints against economic and political discrimination continue to be heard from Kazakhstan, where they were openly voiced during Khrushchev's visit there on his way back to Moscow from Washington. Khrushchev felt it necessary to take a personal hand in the Hungarian Party convention. In Hungary, Poland and East Germany new farm collectivization drives have been started. The food shortage in Poland, dramatized by the 25 per cent cut in meat rations, suggests economic sabotage by the peasants as well as administrative incompetence. Gomulka, tightening censorship and Party discipline, has brought back into his government several of the "hard" Stalinists ousted in 1956; and in Bulgaria the notorious Stalinist, Vulko Chervenkov, is making a comeback. From the Soviet point of view, the spirit of Camp David is a product for external consumption only.

● From a letter from a Harvard student: "Several years ago, when there was a great deal of debate going on about the advisability of permitting Professor Wendell Furry, a suspected Communist — I believe his past Communistic activities had been definitely proven [they had—Ed.] — to remain on the Harvard faculty, the question was inevitably raised 'but what harm can a Communist do in the physics department?' The following quotation is from this fall's 'Confidential Guide to Freshman Courses,' an undergraduate publication, in reference to the course Physics 12—the introductory physics course for all students majoring in physics, astronomy and engineering: 'The charge should not be taken lightly . . . that Physics 12 unnecessarily discourages students from entering the physical sciences by its sloppy, confused and uninspired presentation. Especially serious is the indictment that "if Prof. Furry had purposely intended to get people to drop out of physics, he could not have done a better job, due to his combination of sloppy teaching and irreverence to his field."'"

● The Soviet Union has, as we all know, an abiding interest in American literature. R. Orlova was moved in *Literatura I Zhizn* last month to list a few of the Russian favorites: Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, John Steinbeck, Theodore Dreiser, Erskine Caldwell, Norman Cousins, Angus Cameron ("owner of one of America's oldest publishing houses"), and one Mitchell Wilson, who has not yet found his publisher at home though he sells by the millions in Russia. These people, says R. Orlova, seek the "truth . . . search for answers . . . [document] the tragedy of a little man whose dreams are crushed by the brutal realities of life." Suggestion to R. Orlova: why don't we arrange a cultural exchange? You can have Miller, Mailer, *and* Mitchell Wilson—and we'll take Boris Pasternak.

The Democrats on 1960

The "Policy Statement for the 1960 Campaign" issued by the Democratic Advisory Council is a document that would live in the annals of profligacy—except for the fact that by the time the Democratic Advisory Council meets to put out its *next* policy statement (1962), someone will surely have uncovered *something* the government ought to do for us that they omitted in the 1960 statement: though just what it could be is hard to imagine.

It is worth the space actually to enumerate the additions to government responsibility proposed by the Democratic Advisory Council. (We confine the list to projects that do not touch on national defense.)

The United States Government, under a Democratic Administration, would: 1) "reverse . . . the Republican high-interest, tight-money policy"; 2) provide "basic federal financial support" for "local school needs"; 3) construct public elementary and secondary schools; 4) establish a "federally supported scholarship program"; 5) establish a program "to help colleges and universities [expand] their physical facilities"; 6) grant federal aid for "advance research for the development of new educational resources, techniques and methods"; 7) provide federal aid for "adult education"; 8) expand the Department of Health, Education and Welfare ("needed . . . to . . . assert America's educational renaissance").

Would further: 9) grant federal aid for the construction of hospitals; 10) add "hospital and surgical [care] to the benefits provided to Social Security beneficiaries"; 11) make loans to "local comprehensive health insurance cooperatives"; 12) initiate a program ("stepped-up") "to restore a high and rising level of private building"; 13) expand programs "to assist in the relocation of families and businesses displaced by urban renewal"; 14) authorize "as many new public housing units as local communities are prepared to utilize"; 15) launch a "program of housing for moderate-income families"; 16) devise a program for "research and credit assistance to meet the housing needs of American farm families."

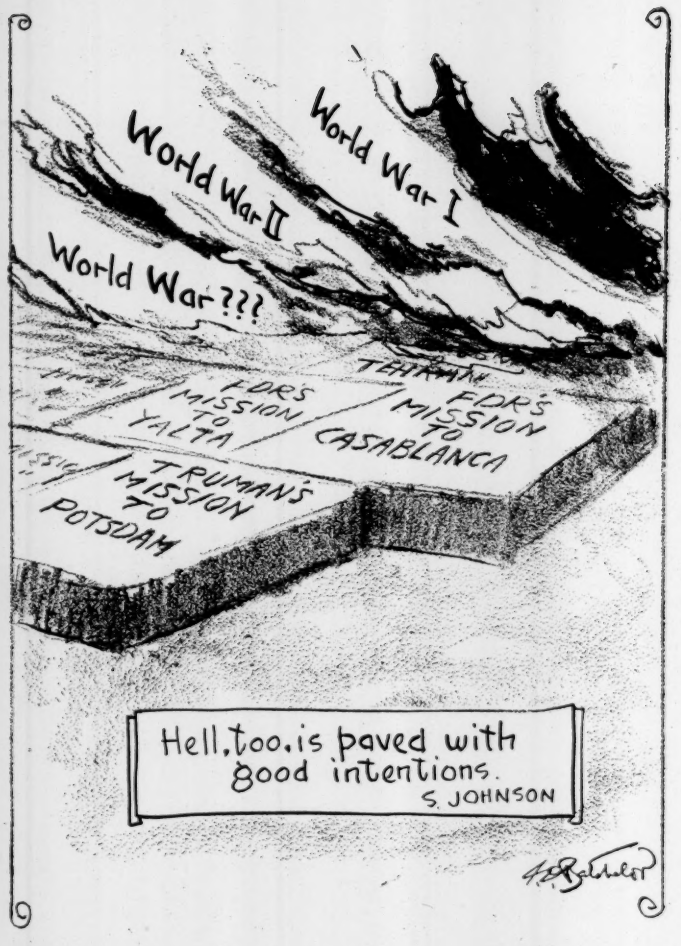
Would further: 17) institute new federal agencies

to survey our needs in conservation of water supply and soil and minerals; 18) develop a "national wilderness system" and a "system of lake and seashore recreation areas"; 19) effect a "national forest road improvement and management program"; 20) build "transmission facilities . . . to interconnect regional power systems"; 21) construct ("immediately") "hydroelectric power projects"; 22) develop "practical atomic generating stations"; 23) form a "comprehensive national commission to survey the needs of the country's metropolitan areas"; 24) provide "federal financial and technical assistance to local communities which are proceeding to integrate their public school systems"; 25) provide "new sources of long-term credit and equity capital" for small businesses.

Would further: 26) increase the farm income by 25 per cent, through diverse federal programs; 27) increase social security payments ("at least by 30 per cent"); 28) create an "Older Persons Bureau in the Executive Branch," to devise appropriate means to look after the aged; 29) undertake an "area redevelopment" program, and provide "low-interest loans to private industry to create jobs in these areas"; 30) inaugurate "programs of vocational training" for displaced workers; 31) increase the minimum wage from $1 to $1.25; 32) undertake a "comprehensive program" of assistance to migrant workers; 33) grant federal aid to those "whose unemployment compensation has expired"; and finally, 34) set up a federal "advisory agency" to "assist in formulating plans to develop the cultural resources of the United States" ("to promote general appreciation of the beauty and educational value of works of art").

How will we finance this program for a brave new America? Not by extra taxes. But simply by "easing" —*i.e.*, inflating—credit. Easy credit will make the economy grow, and more taxes will pour into the treasury ("at least $15 billion more per year"). In addition, "loopholes" in the tax laws will be plugged (*e.g.*, the depletion allowance for oil and gas); tax evaders will be tracked down; and "waste" (duplication in the armed services, etc.) will be eliminated.

The reiterated axiom of the Democratic Advisory Council is that it is "bold and creative" to imagine improvements in the national life—and order their execution by law. It is, we gather, *bold* to call attention to the fact that some people have a hard time paying their medical bills, and *creative* to decide that the government should pay those bills. It is *bold* to realize that some students do not have the money to go comfortably through college, and *creative* to decide that the government should grant them the necessary money. *Bold* to discern a shortage in attractive housing for middle income groups, *creative* to build those houses out of federal funds. This is exactly what "bold and creative," a term used repeatedly in the



Democratic document, adds up to. It is very easy to be as bold and creative as a Liberal Democrat; the formula is constant.

In contemplating the report of the Democratic Advisory Council, we should bear one thing in mind. It is true that the document is soaked in cynicism. There is, for instance, considerable criticism of the 10 per cent increase in the cost of living under Eisenhower—without mention of the 30 per cent increase in the cost of living under his predecessor. There is a fierce indictment of the Republicans' handling of the rocket program—and no mention that the present rocket inadequacy is largely the result of Truman's failure to get a program started. There are the great evasions, including a classic on the labor problem (the Democrats' program for heading off large strikes: "The [federal] machinery to be created should be designed to encourage the settlement of industrial disputes and to encourage settlements that will be fair to the parties and that will contribute to economic progress and price stability").

Still, it behooves us to bear in mind that there is a quality of seriousness in this wild document. There are those Democrats who actually think we could bring it off—precipitate Utopia by speeding the operation of the U.S. Mint. And they have their technicians, their Leon Keyserlings and Kenneth Galbraiths,

who urge them on. So that it is not merely a matter of countering demagogy. The challenge, before it is fully faced, will require the intellectual exposure of the professors who have witchdoctored for the inflationist movement.

The Republican Party has many and terrible failings. But there are times when it looks awfully good.

Closed File on Bang-Jensen?

The exact circumstances of Povl Bang-Jensen's death do not bear on the question of his heroism. He was a hero because at a fateful crossroads in his life he chose the bitter path of honor over the easy road of expediency. To 81 Hungarian Freedom Fighters, who told him the true story of the Hungarian revolt and its suppression, with their own and their families' lives in balance, Bang-Jensen had pledged his word that their identities would be revealed to no one. He held to his word as the wrath of the UN bureaucracy mounted against him, as his friends began to turn aside and the press to ignore his travail. He held firm as Dag Hammarskjold and Ernest Gross and their sycophants broke and dishonored the man who, more than any other, was responsible for the ineradicable Hungary Report.

The police say it was suicide, and have closed their file. "A perfect suicide," one police official explained—"the revolver in his hand, the bullet in his skull, the spent shell on the ground nearby, the suicide note in his pocket." Perhaps.

On confirmed evidence, Bang-Jensen was last seen at 8:30 A.M. Monday morning, November 23, leaving his Queens residence for his post-UN job at CARE's Manhattan office. His body was found Thursday morning the 26th, lying across a path in a Queens park. But the medical testimony establishes that he had been dead twenty-four hours at most. Where was he, then, from Monday morning until the moment of death on Wednesday?

Many persons normally walk or play near where his body was, including many who walk their dogs thereabouts. How strange that his corpse lay undiscovered for twenty-four hours.

Why have the police made no public report of the exact results of the autopsy? Was there a one or two or three days' beard on his face? What had he eaten, how long before death?

What was written in the suicide note which no one but the authorities—not even his wife, to whom it was addressed—has seen? Were the words, style, syntax, spelling recognizably his? (It was misspellings that first showed the falsity of the Mindszenty confession.) Would the police know it, if they were not? What sort of paper was it written on? With what pen? Was the pen found in his pocket?

A taxi-driver voluntarily notified the police—after the news of Bang-Jensen's disappearance had been printed, but before his death was discovered—that he had driven Bang-Jensen to the UN entrance, which happens to be across the street from the CARE office where he worked. Has this testimony been followed up?

High Communist escapees, on the agreement that he communicate it in person to Director of CIA Allen Dulles, gave Bang-Jensen specific information about Soviet agents planted in the UN Secretariat and in CIA. On eight occasions over a period of months, Bang-Jensen tried to see Mr. Dulles—always in vain. But he did repeatedly see, in the effort, a subordinate CIA official, who transcribed a report "for the record" about his dealings with Bang-Jensen. What is the real story of this runaround and this report? Is it true that the report leaked through to the UN Secretariat?

On Friday night, November 20, Bang-Jensen attended a PTA meeting at his children's school and took an active part in the proceedings. His pastor declares that Bang-Jensen's religious beliefs, strongly held, precluded suicide. A psychiatrist whom he had recently and successfully consulted, insists that he had no suicidal tendency. His wife is convinced that he could not have committed suicide, and did not. What is to be made of such data? The pastor reports also that his religion forbids cremation. Yet, on an alleged instruction of the unseen suicide note, his body was hastily cremated and returned for burial to Denmark. Why this unseemly haste, which has as one result the destruction of crucial evidence?

It is easy enough to understand why the police prefer to close a file with a routine notation of suicide. No use stirring up unnecessary trouble. . . . And it is easy to see, in this case, why the MVD and CIA are happy enough to let matters slide. But there are too many unanswered questions. There is no way to cremate *them,* and some of them are going to haunt us—and should—until they are answered.

New Helmsman, Same Course

There was a minimum of fanfare when Neil H. McElroy resigned on December 1 as Secretary of Defense, and this was just as well. The record of the Department under his two-year stewardship is nothing to celebrate. Let us not, however, single out Mr. McElroy for too particular blame. He did neither much worse nor much better than his five-year predecessor, Charles Erwin Wilson. For the entire seven-year stretch, the Defense Department performance of the Eisenhower Administration has been, at best, mediocre.

Our direct spending on current defense—disre-

garding such leftovers from past wars as bond interest and veterans' benefits—has been at a $40 billion annual rate. We have not been getting enough for our money. We do not possess the invulnerable strategic deterrent force that is the ultimate foundation of our national security; and must now improvise an awkward substitute by keeping part of SAC continuously in the air. Our missile program has been too late, too small and too slow; and as a result we face, according to Mr. McElroy's apologetic admission in his leave-taking remarks, the alarming reality of a three-year missile gap in our enemy's favor. In propaganda terms certainly, and probably also in technical, the enemy is leading the plunge into space. We have failed to build the kind of limited warfare force that is demanded by the combat realities of our age. We cling to expensive weapons and methods that are already obsolete. Whatever disputes there may be over the enemy's present absolute strength, he is relatively stronger than seven years ago.

We do not criticize Messrs. McElroy and Wilson for having come to the Defense Department from careers of proved success in business. The production, administration and marketing of autos or soap is a sound enough, if only partial, preparation for directing the Defense Department, which is in one dimension our largest business enterprise. But even on the business side, these tested business executives accomplished little. The reorganization and unification of the Department got nowhere. Year by year the bureaucratic superstructure has become more cumbersome. Procurement and control procedures are wasteful drags. (Our "lead time"—the time from plan to operational reality—on new major weapons systems is about 40 per cent longer than the Russian.) The multiplication of committees and the diffusion of responsibility have nearly paralyzed the Defense Department's "decision process."

The Department would have done somewhat better if Secretaries Wilson and McElroy had known a little more about military affairs—for though the defense establishment is in one dimension like a business enterprise, it is based in others on quite different principles. Mr. Wilson was aggressively ignorant about military history, doctrine and strategy, and scornfully ignorant about the nature and program of our present enemy. Mr. McElroy's acquaintance with these same matters, though less total, was rather dilettantish.

With deeper knowledge they would have done better; but not much better. They might have saved a few hundred millions here or there, abolished an obsolescent committee, shut down a sterile project a few months earlier, or come up with a few creative military ideas. But they were active as agents, not principals. The great decisions—the decisions that determined the nation's strategic posture, that altered the world military equilibrium, that controlled the general pattern of our defense structure, that counted in the tens and scores of billions—these were not for Mr. Wilson or Mr. McElroy to make—or to evade—but for the chief of government at whose appointment and will they served.

The record of the Defense Department is in its broad lines Mr. Eisenhower's record. Its inordinate waste and inefficiency, and its failure to maintain a military force from whose secure base the nation can confidently pursue a bold and flexible world policy in calm defiance of our enemy, is Mr. Eisenhower's failure.

Mr. Thomas S. Gates Jr., who now moves from Deputy to Secretary of Defense, would seem to be better equipped by talent, interest and training than either of his predecessors. He is not likely to accomplish much more than they while the Department lies smothered beneath the bland fog of the President's indecisions.

The President, winging east for his triumphal sweep along the route of Alexander and Tamerlane, left behind with the new Secretary a singularly cheerless first item of unfinished business: The refusal by three of the four members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to endorse the new military budget, on the ground that it cannot assure the nation's safety.

Wanted: The Key

The sluggishness of Nelson Rockefeller's campaign is in many ways perplexing. We are trained to think of Mr. Rockefeller as the cold clean efficient hand which prepared the various Rockefeller reports. We are treated now to the spectacle of a somewhat reluctant politician traipsing with frozen smile into dim environs, forgetting the names of county chairmen, delivering embarrassed speeches, mispronouncing the names of localities, tiring (and winning politicians seldom tire) and retreating for a Venezuelan vacation. His abortive attempt to cut into the conservative vote has succeeded principally in antagonizing his Liberal ground-base support. His latest maneuver, an effort to capture the Citizens for Eisenhower machinery in California, seems almost an afterthought born of reading the newspapers two weeks ago when New Yorkers for Nixon not only took in most of the Citizens but several of President Eisenhower's golfing cronies as well.

The Governor's obvious indecision over announcing his candidacy—not to mention the nature of his campaign should he announce it—contribute to the unflattering image of a man with all of Hamlet's insecurity but none of his depth or eloquence. Per-

haps Rocky's big trouble is that he's on the wrong side of history, and 1960 belongs to Nixon for too many reasons to go into here. But there's more. There is, for instance, Nelson Rockefeller's excessive reliance on committee-thinking. Brainstorming has nurtured him all along the way; he has apparently grown dependent upon it. And now his advisers contradict one another; his agents give conflicting reports; his strategists cast desperately about for the key to the golden door. And Rockefeller himself discovers that the love suit for the American public by the man who would be its President is a very lonely affair. There are profound recesses to the public mind which not even Tom Dewey—especially not Tom Dewey—can plumb.

Aiuto!

When Evita Perón, late Lady Bountiful of the Argentine, loaded a boat with cast-off clothing and dispatched it to the U.S.A. for distribution to our local poor, the effrontery of the gesture raised nobody's hackles. It was taken in good part, as a gag.

The news that Olivetti of Italy, maker of fine typewriters, has just bought some 35 per cent of the stock of the ancient and honorable Underwood Corporation of America is something else again. Here there is no effrontery involved: Olivetti is simply the better company, and Underwood is obviously in need of the very ponderable amount of capital and know-how it is getting from Italy.

Working control of Underwood has, in fact, passed to Olivetti with the stock purchase. Five Olivetti executives now sit on the Underwood board. Ugo Galassi of Milan, a director of the parent Italian company, is the new Underwood president and senior executive officer. Guido Lorenzotti, executive vice president of the Olivetti Corporation of America, is the new Underwood vice president.

Reporting on a survey of Underwood's big Hartford, Conn., plant, Gianluigi Gabetti, one of the new directors, says: "We have found that the Hartford plant is very, very obsolete. We shall have to make a high investment in Hartford. . . . It will take two or three years to recapture our investment and start to make a profit."

Shades of Eli Whitney, Simeon North, Colt, Hiram Maxim, the Messrs. Pratt and Whitney and a hundred other Yankee inventors, technicians and production men who once made Hartford and the surrounding Connecticut terrain synonymous with the word know-how! But as Signor Gabetti says, "The entire free world is one economic unit. I don't see that it makes any great difference who buys whom."

Well, Signor Gabetti, if you put it that way we won't argue. But as Washington, D.C. goes on appropriating money to export American know-how to Italy among other places, don't we remind you a little bit of Evita Perón?

What Does It All Mean?

According to a special report in *U. S. News & World Report,* a revolutionary change in the U.S. income tax law is brewing in congressional tax-writing committees.

On the surface, the proposal offers relief all across the board. The idea is to cut present income tax rates by 40 per cent, with a ceiling of 55 per cent. But what Representative Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.), who is chairman of the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue, would give with his right hand, he would then take away with his left. The over-all tax take would be just as high as it is today, or even higher.

What Mills and his congressional followers are contemplating is to end all tax deductions for everybody, with the single exception of the $600 personal exemption. No thousand dollar standard deduction. Nothing off for charity or doctor's bills or hurricane damage. No splitting of incomes by a married couple in order to get into lower brackets. No tax-free municipal bonds interest. No exemptions for old people living on social security pensions. No tax-free exemption of interest on life insurance. No deduction of interest paid out on mortgages or any other borrowing. No depletion allowances for oil and mining industries. No exemption for fringe benefits, whether they are labor's (in the form of insurance or "free" medical services) or management's (stock options for executives, pension rights, entertainment allowances, and so on).

On top of all this, the Mills proposal would compel all home-owners to report as taxable income the "net rental value" of their homes. And capital gains would be treated as ordinary income, to be taxed at regular rates.

Just who would benefit by all this? And who would be hurt? People in the highest brackets, who now pay up to 91 per cent of their income in taxes, would probably benefit—though their taxable gains would be hit harder. At the other end of the scale, the bachelor who lives in a rented house would be a gainer. But for everybody else the benefits would range from the highly dubious to the totally nonexistent. Old people would obviously suffer. Home owners would be penalized. Hotels and restaurants would lose expense account money. Executives who have been getting stock options would find themselves working strictly for cash, which would tend to depress their sense of identification with the company. Churches and colleges and hospitals—in fact,

any institution which depends on voluntary gifts—would find endowment sources drying up. Married people in the middle income brackets, while they might break even by trading the right to income splitting for a cut in the tax rate, would find themselves worse off by comparison with the unmarried.

The worst feature of the proposed change would be its almost certain impact on the capital market. With the possibility of capital gains eliminated, why would any man bother to risk his money on a "growth" opportunity? And who could hope to stay "even" in an inflationary period? Finally, would companies stand to benefit from a proposed reduction of the corporate income tax from 52 per cent to 44 per cent when accelerated depreciation allowances and the right to deduct charitable gifts and expense allowances have been legislated out of existence?

Summing it up, the new tax proposals seem scarcely calculated either to increase incentive or to help the economy grow. Ironically, they are being put forward in Congress at a time when worry about Soviet industrial growth is agitating just about everybody. With us, it's one step forward and one back.

In Britain there is no capital gains tax. In Germany, corporations are allowed tax exemption on profits that are plowed back into investment. Result: a constant expansion of taxable incomes. But in America, we apparently elect congressmen to spend their time figuring ways to knock the investor out. Will it ever occur to Congress that the best way to increase the U.S. tax take would be to encourage investment in profitable tax-paying businesses whose expansion would put more and more potential taxpayers to work?

Happy . . . happy . . . happy

There are those of us who love television—for all its bounty hunters and its deodorant commercials and its situation comedies. There are those of us who seek the peace of Zen in television's state of no-thought. There are those of us to whom the idyll requires nothing more than a can of beer, a bowl of pretzels, and a Space-Commander automatic channel switcher.

It has been with trepidation that we turned to our sets these past several weeks, this post-Van Doren age. Change is always a little cry of anguish in some secret chamber of the heart. And change, agonizing change, we were warned on the best authority, there was to be. Congressmen had intoned ominously of investigations into the very (black) heart of TV. The presidents of two national television networks flailed their arms and promised the guillotine. Magazine critics and radio commentators and newspaper columnists predicted grimly that the cold hand of drastic reform would surely fall. And we sat trembling.

We need not have. Oh, we are told we shall not have canned applause—we'll survive. That Jack Benny is really over forty—only a momentary twinge. That *Person to Person* is actually rehearsed—no more than we expected. But nothing has *really* changed. The lipsticks, the toothpaste, the lingerie—they remain. The living bras, the stretch girdles, the new laxatives, the women shaving their legs and the camera close-ups of intestinal disorders—all abide. The rest are small things, mosquitoes. We forgive them. We are large, and contain multitudes.

The end of our day may come, but it is not yet at hand. When producers have ransacked the culture of the past, they may indeed turn in desperation to the present, and *create*. That would be the end, of course, of the dream, the peace, but not yet. Not yet.

Last week, for instance, was a good week. Last week there were 76 Westerns and 86 detective stories on TV—not even counting the movies. We couldn't watch them all, of course; some competed with others. But still it was a good week. Now that the tumult is over and the shouting has died away . . . we are content to be here . . . with our beer and our pretzels, alone . . . singing our no-thought . . . wise in the certainties of cynicism . . . happy . . . the Somnambulists.

Our Contributors: ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR ("Merry Christmas to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare") is the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Adventures of Jaimie McPheeter* and a regular contributor to the *New Yorker*. After graduating from the University of Illinois, Mr. Taylor went off on a grand tour of his own devising, which took him to Europe and the Pacific. He served as a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy during the war and is also the author of two memorable biographies —of W. C. Fields and Winston Churchill . . . F. D. ("Fritz") WILHELMSEN ("The Miracle of Wine"), who has written frequently for NATIONAL REVIEW, has just completed his doctoral dissertation in philosophy. On leave of absence from San Francisco College, he has lived in Avila, Spain, for two years; every now and then he and Professor Willmoore Kendall, a charter editor of NR, threaten to collaborate on a history of political science. . . . WILLIAM H. PETERSON ("Peterson's Law of Inflation") has just brought out a new book *The Great Farm Problem* (reviewed in NR December 5, and conspicuously unnoticed by the general press). He is a frequent contributor to the *Wall Street Journal* and very possibly our most Stakhanovite conservative economist. He counts it a day lost that he does not a) write an article, b) plot a book, c) deliver a lecture, d) write a letter to the editor; or, preferably, do all four.

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No More Pearl Harbors?

JAMES BURNHAM

The Navy has made public the fact that last May, in the period of tension toward the end of Khrushchev's original six-month ultimatum on Berlin, the fleet was put on what amounted to a general war alert. Standing orders, under which units were proceeding to ports, were countermanded. The ships were kept at sea in a deployment designed both to evade and to answer a Russian nuclear attack.

Telling this story with considerable satisfaction, the Navy spokesman concluded: "We are not going to be caught in another Pearl Harbor."

A day or two later the Air Force confirmed that in the same period last May and at various other times of international tension, a certain percentage of the Strategic Air Command's long-range nuclear bombers had been kept in the air. These planes, fully armed and briefed for their retaliatory missions, had thus been immunized from a surprise strike that might have obliterated the SAC bases.

What's wrong with this doubly painted picture? The flaw is in its reversion to a pre-nuclear style.

The Mobilization Period

In pre-nuclear days there was an elaborate "mobilization" process through which a nation had to pass before launching a major war. This included the physical transport of military units and supplies, the call-up of reserves, and so on, as well as diplomatic and economic preparations. Surprise could be achieved as to the exact time and place of attack, but it was impossible for the mobilization process to escape the notice of other nations. The others had time, therefore, to begin measures of defense and counter-mobilization.

In the past these days of partial mobilization, redeployment, diplomatic recalls and the like were, precisely, the periods of acute tension. In order to forestall surprise, a responsible government and its military staff had to shift to a special alert.

The coming of airpower, even without nuclear weapons, condensed and obscured the periods of preparatory tension. But both the German attack on Poland and the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor were sufficiently telegraphed in advance. Britain and France were too deficient in preventive will, and Poland in power, to be fully ready when the blow came. In the case of Pearl Harbor, a command lapse permitted a tactical surprise which was objectively unjustified.

With the advent of massive nuclear armament and high-speed vehicles for its delivery, the problem of a surprise attack has been transformed.

The parameters of the new situation are defined by the following relations:

1. There is no longer a period of preliminary mobilization *for general war*. At any given moment the major opponents are as fully "mobilized" as they are ever going to be.

2. The primary target of the first strike (the initiating strike only, not the reply) *must* be the strategic force of the enemy. The objective *and the expectation* must be to destroy enough of the enemy force to prevent his being able to counter with an inacceptable retaliatory blow—ideally, of course, to destroy all or virtually all his power of retaliation.

3. This means that the attacker *must* seek to achieve absolute surprise, because only by surprise does he have a chance to gain his objective. If there is no surprise, the retaliatory force won't be there to hit. The attack will be a strategic failure no matter how many people are killed.

Sleeping: Do Not Disturb

It follows that the time of greatest military danger is *not* a period of obvious tension—certainly not when everyone is on the alert. For the essential surprise the attacker will choose a political moment when tensions seem relaxed, and the international weather "improving." Or midway through an important conference, say. We must keep in mind that the attacker no longer has to mobilize. He *is* mobilized for general nuclear war, as totally as he can at the moment be (as the defender is, too). He need merely give the order.

Thus the *temporary* alerting of the naval nuclear units, as last May, and the *temporary* air alert for a portion of SAC are useless as a guard against surprise (though such moves might be valid as deterrents in a given situation). The surprise won't come during the alert.

Until some entirely new defensive method is invented, the only protection against surprise is to make the strategic force *invulnerable*: not 100 per cent, which is impossible, but sufficiently to permit retaliation after the attack. Invulnerability is the aim of the nuclear submarine-Polaris system, the missile system based on moving railroad trains or trucks, and —more doubtfully—the "hardened" Titan bases. None of these systems exists now, or at the present rate of development will for some years.

Our present strategic force, as presently managed, is *not* invulnerable. It has been preserved so far not by our foresight but only because the Communists have judged that they have not possessed the capability for a surprise attack able to annihilate it. As their ICBMs multiply, this judgment may change tomorrow.

In the years before we get our projected mobile systems, the only interim substitute is the awkward device of keeping a portion of SAC in the air, plus the doubtful help of pitifully exposed aircraft carriers always at sea. The Air Force has asked for funds—starting next July—to pay for a continuous air alert. It would presumably be unfair of Khrushchev to try anything in the next six months, while the Air Force has no money for extra gasoline.

Happily all these surprise troubles will soon be over. The President has proposed new negotiations for a treaty "to prevent surprise attacks." Won't that be just dandy? We're going to get our enemy to promise he won't surprise us. I guess after *that* we'll never lose another wink of sleep worrying over H-bombs.

On the Nature of the Thaw

How will Khrushchev win the Cold War? By convincing our leaders that every day in every way things get better and better

GERHART NIEMEYER

The Thaw, friends, is no longer prospective. It is here! The relaxation has begun. The leaders of the two hostile camps have met in a friendly visit, leaving a trail of conciliatory remarks stretching from Camp David to Peiping. Khrushchev has given visible indications of being seriously annoyed with his hot-blooded Chinese partners. At the forthcoming Summit meeting concrete problems may be solved. There is a marked modulation of gestures on both sides. Soviet jamming of our Voice is intermittently curtailed. Robert Murphy is out, Chip Bohlen in. Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee are old and leashed, and Adenauer softens. Atoms go unsplit. We are embarked on a long series of earnest meetings that aim at "settlements." We shall negotiate on Berlin, atomic tests, disarmament, Germany, the location of troops and bases, and—who knows?—possibly even Formosa, Korea, Vietnam. The ice has begun to break. Spring is in the air.

Just how did the ice get broken? A long story. Back in 1955, there was another meeting at the Summit in Geneva. It too was pronounced a success. Amiability, smiles, sincerity, a hunger for peace distilled into the "spirit of Geneva." Hopes ran high—but they were dashed by subsequent events. The Soviet Union stirred up the Middle East, suppressed the free government of Hungary, encouraged its Far Eastern ancillary in an attack on Quemoy and Matsu, and the invasion and conquest of Tibet; there came finally an ultimatum on Berlin. All the while diplomatic pressure mounted on Scandinavia, Greece, Turkey, Iran, Africa.

What went wrong? The Geneva Conference fed on the assumption that Soviet Russia's aggressiveness derived from genuine fears for her security, and a Stalinist cast of mind, from which Russia was finally freed. The heightened tensions of the Cold War proved the assumptions wrong. What, then, moved Khrushchev to draw the world to the brink he was presumed to fear the most? Soviet policy after Geneva became an enigma to Western statesmen.

Just Change Nikita's Mind

New light seemed to fall on the Soviet mentality after a number of prominent Americans had a chance personally to probe Khrushchev in long and "frank" conversations. They brought back startling news: Soviet policy, they said, ultimately results from the "ideological rigidity" of Khrushchev's mind. No argument, no communication can penetrate the thick armor of his doctrinal suspicions. Conflict will continue as long as Russia's policy-maker is in the grip of his *idées fixes*. This discovery prescribed an objective to Western policy. Hope for peace focused on a chance to disabuse Khrushchev of his ideological preconceptions. Whence arose the idea of a personal visit to the United States which would demonstrate to Khrushchev how palpably false had been his dogmatic views of the West. The visit would be the instrument by which to smash the Soviet leader's "ideological rigidity."

He came. He saw, and he played the part assigned to him in advance by Lippmann, Harriman, Stevenson *et al.* He displayed all the symptoms of a mind that, though to be sure clings from habit to wonted formulations, gives evidence of reluctantly changing its most basic assumptions. To Chinese and Soviet journalists he spoke as if his visit to America had opened his eyes. He did not cease to proclaim the new Gospel of the Thaw. Exposed to the glories of the citadel of capitalism, ideological crusts around the heart of Soviet policy seemed to be cracking. Here, then, if later developments should confirm the first impression, the vista of a "road to peace" seemed to open!

Khrushchev will see to it that later developments confirm the first impression. There will be a bigger and more gratifying Summit conference. Traces of "liberalization" will be conspicuously strewn about. Berlin, an issue on which Khrushchev had reached an impasse, will be transformed into a model of "mutual concessions." A formula of conciliation might happily be achieved between India and China. In an atmosphere of rising peace hopes, there will be token hints of significant "settlements." By the time Adenauer dies, negotiations involving Germany may be ripe. Once the currents of coexistence begin to boil through the crumbling floes of Cold War Ice, Khrushchev will see to it that they will not freeze again.

Because long before his visit to the United States, Nikita Khrushchev had prepared the channels into which the waters of East-West relations, once unfrozen, should flow. In staggered arrangement, one behind the other, he set up position after position designed to catch the flow of "rising confidence" and to deflect it into the direction the Soviets desired. Basic among these positions is Khrushchev's 1956 proclamation of the principle of coexistence, that is to say the peaceful victory of socialism. Next comes disarmament and the abolition of atomic weapons, flanked by East-West nonaggression pacts. Further ahead rises the position of disengagement, embodied in the Rapacki Plan. Just in front of it, over to one side, the combination of the "two Germanys" into a joint structure, and, most advanced, the "free city" concept of Berlin. All these are offered as potential formulas for East-West "settlements," or, at the very least, for discussion. Thus, as the hope for "continued improvement" is skillfully

stimulated and East-West relations move forward from talk to talk, the agenda at each new level is already prepared by previously proclaimed Soviet proposals. With nothing but symbolic agreements the waters of negotiations can be kept unfrozen, so that they spill over from the Summit to Berlin, from there to disengagement, further on to nonaggression pacts, disarmament, and prohibition of atomic weapons, until they finally fall into the pool of an East-West agreement on the peaceful victory of socialism.

Because we of the West have nothing that could compare with these prearranged Soviet positions. We have not thought of a step-by-step progression toward something that can in all sincerity be honored by the name of peace. We have no progressive chain of objectives which we desire to attain in East-West relations. We cannot conceive of such objectives—so long as we do not aim at winning the Cold War. We do not dare to entertain the vision of a world freed from the Soviet threat. Amidst intolerable tensions, all our hope is fastened on the happy but unlikely event of a change in the Communist mind. This hope, the sole driving power of our present policy, serves Khrushchev as a handle by which to maneuver us into going his way. As he pulls us along the "road to peace," we find the only concrete notions of "settlement" to be embodied in Soviet proposals, for we have never thought of peace in terms other than Communism-turned-soft. As long as Khrushchev can maintain the impression that the situation is "hopeful," "improving," showing "real promise," we are clay in his hands.

Moral Disarmament

At the end of this road, Khrushchev will have wrung from us a legal and moral agreement that the Cold War is utterly and definitively liquidated; that there is no more Soviet threat, that Western defense is no longer needed, that a Western alliance cannot do any good and may do great harm, that war is forever impossible. At this point, East-West relations have arrived at the principle proclaimed by them in 1956: the peaceful victory of socialism. Then there will be no Western program to counterbalance the Soviet program. For, unlike the Soviets, we do not walk the road to peace with a clear notion of the goals of peace. We do not aim at such things as peaceful liberation, or the peaceful defeat of Communism. Peace to us is not a concept of order, but merely the absence of war.

As long as the Cold War lasts, our resistance to Communism is strong, because the mainspring of our actions is the threat of a Soviet attack. But precisely because there is no more than the fear of war to sustain our efforts, we are prone to scrap our resistance to Communism as soon as Communists can convince us that they will indeed not resort to war. Thus, once Khrushchev succeeds in leading us from conference to conference until we finally consent to a declaration of peace, he will have liquidated the last ounce of our resistance, the present basis of our national policy.

The Soviet Union, though, oriented by a political goal, will remain girded for the struggle, its energy unspent, laboring for the "peaceful victory of socialism." Having achieved our moral disarmament, it will move on, strong with the motive of a militant cause, a goal, a program. It will be able to rally its supporters with renewed vigor, with redoubled allegiance to that socialism which is expected to conquer peacefully when the forces of resistance are dismantled.

The "road to peace," which began at Camp David, leads along a Soviet-prepared agenda of negotiations, and ends up without a cause, without a policy, without hope.

The Thaw has indeed begun. Beware the running flood!

Merry Christmas to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare

ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

Presumably aroused by anti-tobacco letters to the *New York Times,* in the wake of the Great Cranberry Derby, the surgeon general of the United States, Dr. Leroy E. Burney, has added his melancholy bit in the drive to link tobacco with cancer. He has done so despite the cheerful evidence of many other doctors, possibly just as smart, or even smarter, that would tend to unlink them.

Now what connection Arthur S. Flemming's premature brays about cranberries have with tobacco and cancer it would be difficult to say. In the former case, a definite chemical, a weed-killer called aminotriazole, was found in quantities suggesting that one could eat 15,000 pounds of cranberries a day for years without acquiring as much as a fever blister.[1] In the case of tobacco, no comparable discovery has been made. There has been speculation that tars, nicotine, paper, perhaps over-televised filters might cause cancer, but this remains, to date, in the guesswork stage.

Nevertheless, it may be assumed that the Government will charge ahead now, in its Big Brotherly fashion, and try to restrain people forcibly from smoking. The business of impounding tobacco crops may be expected to commence soon. A whole new era of prohibition may be upon us, with tobacco-running trucks, "prescription cigarettes," and gangsters with (between shipments) corn-silk stogies dangling contemptuously from their lips. Before this happens, the writer—a furtive but tireless smoker of cigars—wishes to point out certain inequities in the over-all picture. It would be grossly unfair to remove one dubious pitfall and leave others lying about in which the unwary might never be trapped either.

To start off, it has been demonstrated without question that an unrestrained guzzling of liquor can cause cirrhosis of the liver. It may also bring on heart trouble, dry

1. Only one such example of undisciplined piggery has ever been noted by medicine. In 1889, a farmer named Wallingford Clutts, near East Orleans, Massachusetts, did indeed eat 15,000 pounds of cranberries a day for eight days running (this last was necessary, as the family had outside plumbing), but he died of gastritis.

scalp, early senility, a red nose, jail, and a false euphoria in which the practitioner can deaden the pain of robbery by taxation. For centuries "demon rum," so called, has been a known enemy of the human race: pillager of homes, destroyer of bodies, ravager of souls. Excessive drinking

is dangerous; excessive smoking may be. So much for alcohol, then, Dr. Burney, and the sooner it's rounded up (again), the better. And with it, let us include the two additional stimulants, coffee and tea, of such malodorous reputation, with caffein, tannic acid and indigestible oils, that the average mother would heroically forego smoking for a week rather than feed them to a child.

Having disposed of these wicked joys, we can pass on to other foes of the race. Doctors have lately verified that in the memorable domestic split recorded by Mother Goose, Jack Spratt was right and his wife was wrong (this decision has since proved to be a wise rule in all such cases). Fats are, or should be, in the fire. They cause an arterial build-up of cholesterol (not to be confused with chlorophyll, a miracle substance of nature, often found in dog food and toothpaste) and taken to excess, as with tobacco, may lead to heart trouble. But nobody is sure. The most refreshing thing about medicine is that nobody is ever sure. Theories come and go. Today's cholesterol may be tomorrow's hors d'oeuvres. Once, you were supposed to stay comfortably in bed for long periods after operations, reading mysteries (and smoking); now you're expected to leap from the table when your incision is closed and sprint down the corridor.

To get back to the subject, there is apparently a very good chance that fats provide a menace. Among the worst offenders are eggs, butter cream, and fat meats, including beef, pork and lamb, as well as poultry. From the public health point of view, this presents problems. While it should prove relatively easy to seize all the chickens, cows, pigs, sheep, geese, ducks, turkeys, pheasants, grouse, woodcock and ptarmigan (especially ptarmigan), the Government has no facilities for housing them. Also, this brings up the question of segregation. Should they be herded together, or must separate pens be arranged? The system in private life has heretofore been to permit, even to encourage, gradual integration on a basis of free choice. Thus, one often sees ducks waddling in pig pens, and horses and cows quietly grazing together. But this is a Government housing project, and integration should probably be enforced, as in the New York schools, whether the subjects like it or not. A southern white sheep can jolly well bunk in with a black sheep, and lump it.

This, we think, takes care of fats, along with most other pleasurable items of the human diet. In the enjoyment of the remaining, unsuspect fodder—a few roots and herbs—we wish our readers a very merry, though astringent, holiday season.[2]

More Work for Flemming

But we are by no means finished. Saving the people from themselves is a lengthy process, worth several pages of double-spaced copy paper. What would Arthur Flemming say, if we knew more than we told? How would Dr. Burney feel? So, to business. If preserved cranberries pose a vague, long-range, possible threat, and tobacco is a speculative danger, how can the Department of Health, Education and Welfare continue to wink at automobiles? These are not a *possible* danger, but a very real danger, and a great many of them roll around banging into the public health. Now the reader may well ask: What, then, is the answer? You guessed it. Move those cows and pigs over, boys. We've got fifty million cars to get in here. All this will, of course, make a lot more work for Arthur Flemming, and it would be reactionary indeed to complain if he put on a few extra men. To avoid any hint of discrimination, we press hastily ahead to include, in this category, railroad trains, airplanes and ships. They're a menace; all of them. No, there's no use crying that you can't take any more, Flemming. You'll have to *make* room.

If a writer on this subject were looking for trouble, and we are, another item that might be mentioned is war. Arthur Flemming would be well within his rights to restrain the citizenry from going to war, on the ground that it's unhealthful. In doing so, he would be obliged to countermand war declarations of Congress, but this would be (lean) duck soup for a man who has crossed cranberry scoops with the State of New Jersey.

Assuredly it seems ridiculous to haul soldiers back from the battles and then tell them it's dangerous to smoke. As an extension of this idea, should they actually be permitted to smoke on the field of action? I think we can agree with the surgeon general that it would be the quintessence of folly.

To sum up, we have solved little or nothing here. For, once you take away the people's cranberries, tobacco, alcohol, coffee, tea, eggs, cream, cows, pigs, sheep, poultry, automobiles, trains, airplanes, ships and wars, a nervous reaction is inevitable and the public health will break down. Even so, it might be worth a try. Often it requires a dip into lunacy to restore sanity to the world.

2. In this connection, it should be said that substitutes for the traditional appetite boons have been generally unsatisfactory. A member of the author's staff, a dedicated cigar smoker, followed the advice of what he thought was new, unrigged advertising and tried a White Owl. The experiment was a failure. In the first place, it took him two weeks to catch one. And the product itself was disappointing. To quote from his report: "acrid, feathery, unpalatable. Not in the same class as cigars."

Letter from the Continent

The Class Struggle Persists

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Journalists, businessmen and tourists returning to the West from visits to the satellite nations have been impressed by a bourgeois resurgence there—by the redevelopment of class forms in Communist countries.

It is a process by no means evident in all the satellite nations; they never formed a homogeneous area. Bulgaria, for example, hasn't had a traditional upper class since the Turkish domination. Its urban population is but a few generations removed from its rural roots. A curious semi-socialist hostility against the middle class of the cities characterized the agrarian democracy of Stambuliyski in the early 1920's, a real "dictatorship of the boot." Ladies wearing hats instead of kerchiefs were frequently insulted in the streets of Sofia by class-conscious peasants on a visit to the capital. Stambuliyski, an ill-fated demagogue who argued that city-dwellers were drones shirking honest manual labor, found an echo among the farmers.

The Slovaks, the Slovenes of Yugoslavia, the Serbs and even large sections of the Rumanian population had no upper crust of their own. Hence they were naturally disposed toward democratic institutions. Centuries of foreign domination thwarted their national development, and left them without a viable political tradition. Without such a tradition, they were unable to cope with their enemies—and they were unable to resist effectively the Communist egalitarianism when it came. The Poles, Hungarians and Croats, with their native aristocracies, their old constitutional histories and their delight in social excellence, put up far greater resistance than the pure peasant nations. (The Czechs, for reasons too complex to explain here, belong in a category all their own, but they come much nearer to the demo-agrarian pattern.)

The Russians, contrary to popular notions in the United States, never had an aristocracy after the Western pattern. Titles in Russia never established automatic social ascendancy. The nobility—especially the lower nobility—always showed a certain trend toward the Left—witness Tolstoy, Bakunin, Kropotkin, Chicherin. Neither estate nor class was ever well defined in the Russian Empire.

The New Aristocracy

Leftist propaganda in the U.S. has long maintained that countries like Hungary, Poland and Croatia (since 1918 submerged in the artificial Yugoslav State created by Woodrow Wilson) were domains where gay and oppressive aristocracies ruled populous serfdoms. To the contrary, large Polish and Hungarian estates covered just about one-fifth of the arable land; in Croatia this share was even smaller. With Communism, agrarian slavery returned to these nations, which impoverished and exiled their upper classes. (In Hungary upper class children were excluded from the higher schools and universities.)

Yet the Communists failed to instill a "proletarian pride" in the masses. In a hierarchic society the social notion of quality goes all the way down the social ladder. By 1948 the wives of Hungarian cabinet ministers insisted on being called "Your Excellency," and Budapest's *corso*, Vaci Street, was overrun by strange people copying the dress and demeanor of the dispossessed and discredited upper crust. And although brutal subjugation of the 1956 revolt set back the clock for some time, the Hungarian Communist press admitted only a few weeks ago that the old form of address *nagyságos* (much like the English "Esquire") is perfectly legitimate. All these are signs that the new bureaucratic and managerial class craves social distinction.

A visit to Yugoslavia a few weeks ago pointed up the radical difference between Zagreb, the old Croat capital, and Belgrade, the Yugoslav (actually Serb) center. In Zagreb a great many people sought to maintain the outward affectations of gentility. Belgrade let itself go, surrendering wearily to a Red egalitarianism—although a new bureaucratic class is rapidly developing there too.

Of all satellite countries Poland is the most Catholic and the most aristocratic (features mutually inclusive); it is also the most conscientious in resisting egalitarianism. The Polish worker never saw himself as a proletarian without a fatherland, but rather as a potential aristocrat. When he returned from the factory he kissed his wife's hand. The nobility, in turn, comprised nearly 10 per cent of the population and it had its own democracy of an *una eademque nobilitas*. The old *Rzeczpospolita* (Republic) before the partitions was an elective monarchy—the king needed the vote of each and every nobleman present; he had to be everybody's, not just the majority's choice—obviously a most respectable, even if politically suicidal principle. And these noblemen, enormously wealthy or bitterly poor, were equal among themselves. "The little nobleman [*szlachcic*] in the hut is just as good as the aristocrat in his castle" says one revealing proverb, and another one states that "It's the nobleman's task to fight foreign kings and to menace his own" (Magna Carta, Polish version).

Thus the traveler in Poland should not be surprised to meet a people amidst ruins and in rags, which still strives to live a life of excellence and elegance. The Poles, so visitors to that unhappy nation insist, try to live with decorum, cultivate their proverbially good manners. They have lost neither their extraordinary wit nor their sense of irony—a good servant in their resistance. Yesterday they were the despair of Mr. Lloyd George, of Harry Hopkins, and the Nazis; today they draw the ire of Moscow. They will always be a target for the hatred of the vulgarians of the Left.

Peterson's Law of Inflation

Money! For some it's a woodpecker's scalp, for others a gold doubloon. But, says the author, this is common to all money. As it multiplies in volume, it decreases in value

WILLIAM H. PETERSON

"Funny money," commented a visitor in our earshot at the Chase Manhattan Bank Museum of Moneys of the World in New York's Rockefeller Center. The visitor, a Texan we surmised from his drawl, height, and wide-brim Stetson, was referring to a display of Yap stone money. One Yap specimen measures some thirty inches in diameter and weighs about 175 pounds. It is worth ten thousand coconuts or one wife, or so the sign read.

Funny money is right, we mused, but not for the reason that seemed to catch the eye of most of the sightseers and what we guessed were a few stray numismatists. They were fascinated by the bizarre in money: the tiny gold coin, little bigger than a pinhead, from India; the large copper coin weighing 31 pounds from Sweden; the Joachimsthaler coin minted about 1520 in Bohemia, the ancestor of the American "thaler" or, later, dollar; the "genuine" American wooden nickels; money old and new, money in big denominations and small, money in assorted shapes and materials—money made of metal and paper of course but also made of salt, of grain, of fish hooks, of musket balls, of cacao seeds, of brick tea, even of woodpecker scalps.

Still, what intrigued us was the evidence of inflation demonstrated by the museum's better than 75,000 specimens of ancient and modern money. Some fifty centuries of inflation, we'd say. The progressive and quite unrelenting disappearance of silver in the content of the denarius coin of Rome (the penny of the New Testament) for example. (Thinning out the silver content leads inexorably, we figured, to the multiplication of volume of money and its loss of value. This is the way with inflation—multiplication is what is sought under the theory that money is wealth but it is division that, unintentionally, results.)

At any rate, according to a reference work we found in the museum, the denarius issued by Augustus was, save for a bit of hardening alloy, pure silver—*i.e.*, its silver content was practically 100 per cent. Yet by Nero, in 54 A.D., the silver content of the denarius had slipped to 94 per cent; by Vitellius, in 68 A.D., to 81 per cent. By Domitian, in 81 A.D., it had climbed to 92 per cent; by Trajan, 98 A.D., up another notch to 93 per cent; but by Hadrian, 117 A.D., it had again wended its way down, to 87 per cent; by Antoninus Pius, 138 A.D., to 75 per cent; by Marcus Aurelius, 161 A.D., to 68 per cent; by Septimius Severus, 193 A.D., to 50 per cent; by Elagabalus, 218 A.D., to 43 per cent; by Alexander Severus, 222 A.D., to 35 per cent; by Gordian, 238 A.D., to 28 per cent; by Philip, 244 A.D., to 0.5 per cent; and by Claudius Victorinus, 268 A.D., to 0.02 per cent. Then came Diocletian's famous answer to inflation, his price-fixing edict of 301 A.D., replete with very sharp teeth for price-breakers. It didn't work; inflation persisted. And anyway Rome was out of business before long.

Not So Sterling

So much for the Roman penny. What of the English penny, originally struck of sterling silver? It is the same sad tale. Another reference work at the museum bespoke of the same trend of decline of silver content. For King John, of Magna Carta fame, the English penny (for which the British today still use the symbol "d," referring to the time Britain was under Rome when "d" stood for denarius) contained 22½ grains troy of silver. But by Edward I, 1275 A.D., silver content was down to 22 grains; by Edward III, to eighteen grains; by Henry IV, 1412 A.D., to fifteen grains; by Edward IV, 1464 A.D., to twelve grains; by Henry VIII, 1526 A.D., to eleven grains; in 1544, still under Henry VIII, to ten grains; by Elizabeth I, 1560 A.D., to eight grains; in 1601 A.D., still under Elizabeth I, to 7.8 grains; and by George III, 1790 A.D., to 7.3 grains. To sum up English inflation, it might pointed out that the London price of gold from 1250 A.D. to 1950 A.D. rose from seventeen shillings per fine ounce to 250 shillings per fine ounce. The persistent shrinkage of silver content in the English pound sterling, from literally a pound of silver to but a fraction of a pound today, we also noted.

Blame Herr Gutenberg

But the museum bespeaks a dichotomy of inflation: metal and paper. The split harks back to the invention of movable type (circa 1440 A.D.), Herr Johann Gutenberg's gift to money-making machines, legal and illegal, which made previous inflation techniques—alloying, clipping, sweating, over-stamping, and so on—appear crude and amateurish. After Gutenberg a simple order in the dead of night, in any tongue, "Psst. Roll 'em!" to the fellow at the mint, and a beautiful stream of newly-printed currency would issue forth, endlessly, or so it seemed.

Plenty of evidence of paper money inflation is on display at the museum. John Law's "Mississippi Bubble" money. American Continentals of the American Revolution ("Not worth a Continental"). Assignats and mandats of the French Revolution. A Chinese 500,000 yuan note (1947 A.D.), quite irredeemable. A German 100 billion

mark Reichsbanknote (1924 A.D.), which some Germans used for wallpaper. A Greek one-trillion drachma note (1944 A.D.). A Hungarian one-hundred quintillion pengo note (1946 A.D.)—that's twenty ciphers or 100,000,000,000,000,000,000 pengoes, worth at the time less than one U.S. cent. It's all a bit embarrassing, this bearing witness to monetary hanky-panky in glass cases.

The Shrinking Franc

The Texan circled our way again. "Get a load of the figure on this money," he said to his companion as they stood before the Hungarian note. "Just like the prices I paid in Paris." He mentioned six hundred francs for a shave and haircut, fifty-five hundred francs for a room and bath, and "ten grand for a night on the town." He pushed his Stetson to the back of his head. "You need one of those IBM machines to figure out where you stand after a week in Paris," he said. He also mentioned that the "spenders" in Washington could learn something from their Parisian counterparts; in Paris, he explained, public budgets are not measured in billions but in trillions.

The talk jibed with the French francs on exhibit. The 1914 franc officially exchanged at five to the dollar. The 1945 franc, however, could be had at fifty to the dollar. Between the two World Wars, in other words, the franc shrank from twenty cents in worth to two cents, a 90 per cent loss in purchasing power for French citizens. But today's franc exchanges for just under five hundred to the dollar, a 90 per cent loss compounded on a 90 per cent loss. The franc has sunk to a worth of one-fifth of a U.S. cent (and the U.S. cent, too, is no longer what it used to be). But the descent of the French franc will be reversed —*voilá*—by fiat effective January 1, 1960. On and after that date only "heavy" francs will circulate. A new "heavy" franc is equal to one-hundred "old" francs. "Heavy" francs ease calculation and presumably return some prestige to the franc. Some "heavy" francs are already in circulation, and we asked a museum official if Chase Manhattan had one we could see. It did, a one thousand franc note issued by the Banque de France, with the usual fine engraving, heroic pictures, and multi-colors of French currency but overstamped in red ink CONTRE-VALEUR DE 10 NOUVEAUX FRANCS. We wondered when a heavy-"heavy" franc would go on display.

For a theory of inflation hit us as we poked around the museum, the theory that inflation is more than a peculiar way of life—it's a law of life. The ancient Babylonians and Greeks inflated; the modern Brazilians and Soviets inflate. Inflation, like sin, is always with us. Every money in every age, we reflected, inevitably undergoes inflation—a multiplication of volume and a division in value—sometimes at a crawl, sometimes at a gallop, but progressive inflation nonetheless.

The Evaporating Dollar

In retrospect, the French franc has been galloping, and relatively, the American dollar has been crawling. Yet the crawl has been fast enough. We looked at a glass-enclosed Federal Reserve note in the amount of ten thousand dollars, Series 1934. In 1934 that note bought ten thousand dollars worth of goods and services. But now that same note buys just about four thousand dollars of goods and services. Poof! It's gone—six thousand dollars of lost purchasing power. So that's our new-found law of money; money multiplies in volume and divides in value over the years. Money, like water, evaporates over the hot sands of time.

But why inflation? We scanned the exhibits once more for clues to the Why of what was plainly becoming Peterson's Law of Inflation. Perhaps we found one. Whether paper or metal, on each currency unit we confronted symbols of government. A royal picture, a crown, a flag, a national emblem, a finance minister's signature, and on the paper money the frequent phrase, "The Government of . . . will pay to the bearer on demand . . ." But pay what? Not gold—that went out with rumble seats. Pay only less and less, according to Peterson's Law. But could governments be at the root of the problem? If so, what is it in the nature of government that makes it partner to inflation? Historically, we thought, governments have been the big spenders and debtors. And it's well known that debtors are not usually averse to borrowing dear and repaying cheap. For example, a couple of millennia ago Dionysius of debt-ridden Syracuse astutely called in all drachma coins of Syracusean issue, doubled their face value by overstamp, and used half of the new coins to discharge the public debt with a handsome 50 per cent profit.

It's plain the record of governments and their trusteeship over money gives one no great feeling of trust. As Harry Scherman, board chairman of the Book-of-the-Month Club, sums up his study of promises by governments to pay up their debts honestly and of government monetary management in general (*The Promises Men Live By*, p. 362): "Government, it might be said, is the one area of human activity that constitutes the last stronghold of scoundrelism in human nature."

But still, would governments consciously inflate against their own citizens? The thought was too dismal, the theory too disconcerting. We never got to check out the connection, if any, between inflation and public debts, for we left the Museum of Moneys of the World—that monetary graveyard—for the purer air and traffic of New York's Sixth Avenue and fished in our pockets for a fifteen-cent subway token to take a ride that had cost a nickel not so long ago.

"You can't turn back the clock. [There. That will quash you for a while.]"

But will it? What is more unreliable, erratic, unpredictable, and completely individualistic than a clock? Its performance is dependent on the length of the pendulum, the temperature, presence or lack of lubrication, foreign bodies in its gears, and, sometimes, a degree of sheer cussedness.

Dean Clarence Manion tells of yielding to a long-suppressed temptation to acquire a grandfather clock. For some weeks, things went well. But one fateful morning at the hour of seven, the clock struck seven, then eight, nine, ten, and so on, through sixteen. At this point his six-year-old dashed into the bedroom shouting, "Mom and daddy, get up! It's later than it has ever been around here!"

P. C. BEEZELY

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

The Politics of "The Impossible"
II: 1960 Dilemma

BETWEEN the time I write this column and the time it is published, I shall have participated in the NATIONAL REVIEW Forum in New York, opposing the thesis that conservatives owe their support to Richard Nixon. With my mind on the subject, I cannot resist the temptation to shy two stones at one bird, and also devote this column to the problem of Nixon and conservatism. I am particularly moved to do so, since the position of conservatives in 1960 is a striking instance of the dilemma discussed in my last column, "The Politics of 'The Impossible'" (*NR*, November 7).

For it is the demand that political action remain within the limits of the possibilities of achieving political power immediately (for someone, it hardly matters for whom, so long as he is a little to the right of someone else), that is the strongest argument —indeed in the end the only argument —that can be effectively brought to bear in defense of the thesis that conservatives should give Richard Nixon their active support. But this argument neglects the overriding question: what use is it to spend energy to achieve political power if the positive result is going to be nothing better than a mild decrease in our rate of growth towards collectivism at home and our surrender to collectivism abroad; if, negatively, energies that might be devoted to building a serious conservative opposition are diverted and drained off from that task?

This is the history of the Eisenhower Administration. It is possible, of course, that under the aegis of a Stevenson we might have moved faster in the direction of statist encroachment upon a free economy, of federal aggression against the rights and privileges of the sovereign states, of subservient accommodation to the swelling arrogations of Soviet power. But I doubt it. Stevenson, it is true, would have actively desired such developments and would have wanted them to proceed at an even faster rate. Eisenhower did not desire them, but, being devoid of conservative understanding and principle, he simply floated with the tide. Stevenson, however, would have been opposed in Congress by the same alliance of Republicans and conservative Democrats that hobbled Roosevelt after his first honeymoon days, and continued to hobble Truman, an alliance which has largely disintegrated with the election of a President supported by conservatives.

Such a Congress would have found ways to keep under control the 60 per cent rise in federal expenditure on domestic programs which occurred during the Eisenhower Administration (in the seven Truman years, the rise was about 10 per cent).

A President in Stevenson's position would never have dared—would indeed have courted impeachment had he attempted it—to invite Nikita Khrushchev to our shores and to propagate the concepts upon which the spirit of Camp David rests; to cease nuclear testing; or to move, as Eisenhower and the Herter-Bohlen State Department are moving, towards an "agreement on Berlin" that can only mean the betrayal of West Germany and Europe and the surrender of the very idea of intransigent American opposition to Communism.

THE RELEVANCE of all this to Nixon? Like Eisenhower, he is undoubtedly less obnoxious than the alternatives. In contrast to every member of the brood of Democratic hopefuls, he is not an open and principled ideologist, committed to the continuation of the Roosevelt revolution. In contrast to Nelson Rockefeller, a patent case of a New Dealer in Republican clothes, he is not subtly attempting to build an image of himself half-conservative, half-welfarist, in order to grasp power as Mediator of the Nation in the mould of an Augustus.

No, Richard Nixon is no more an ideologue than is Dwight Eisenhower. Like Eisenhower—though for different reasons—he drifts with the tide. In Nixon's case that career of drifting is the result of aiming at the Presidency and subordinating all principles to that aim. Pathfinder for the Khrushchev visit, supporter of the Camp David policy, proponent of the surrender of significant American sovereignty to an international organization, defender of the cessation of nuclear testing, Richard Nixon has shown in his concrete acts, as in the rhetoric of his speeches, that he agrees with Eisenhower that "war is unthinkable"—which, by logical deduction, means that if war is thinkable to the Communist leadership (which it is), surrender is preferable to war.

And he has made it clear, no less unmistakably than Eisenhower, that he regards the reversal of the Roosevelt revolution as equally unthinkable. He stands for the welfare state and has proposed no substantial modifications of it. He praises the Warren Court and its invasion of the rights of the states.

On the record, he is no conservative. All the arguments urging conservatives to support him boil down to the argument that there is nothing else for them to do.

BUT IS THERE nothing else to do? Should not the primary aim of conservatives be to consolidate and strengthen a conservative movement directed towards the recovery of the United States from control by Liberal ideologists? And if, as is clearly the case, there are no available Presidential candidates in 1960 whose election will forward that aim, should not conservatives devote their attention to the support of conservative candidates for the House and the Senate, to the development of conservative organization within and without the directly political area, and to organizing a conscious, principled boycott of the 1960 Presidential campaign? Would not such a direction of activity, begun now and continued over the next years, be the best way of assuring that 1964 may promise a possibility of conservative victory, whether through recapture of the Republican Party or through creation of a new alignment of forces?

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

You, Too, Can be a College President

Once upon a time, nearly all college presidents in America were clergymen. But as the liberal-arts colleges' ties with religious denominations grew weaker, and as the state-supported universities and colleges increased in size and influence, the clergymen-presidents—and clergyman-trustees—dwindled in number. There came a time when scientists frequently were appointed to college presidencies. Economists and businessmen, too, attained such posts here and there. In very recent years, a number of humane scholars have become college presidents. But the great tendency in this century has been to put quasi-professional educational administrators in charge of universities and colleges: gentlemen with experience in fund-raising, budgeting, personnel management, and administrative procedures.

It has remained true, nevertheless, that most of these administrator-presidents have not been simply administrators. Many have had good records in some humane or scientific discipline before they turned to administration, and most have had at least some experience as professors before they became deans, administrative vice-presidents and presidents. Thus—with some barbarous exceptions, like that of Dr. Minard Stout, recently removed as president of the University of Nevada—the administrator-presidents have been tolerably-educated men, possessing some fellow-feeling with members of their faculties. Few of them have been mere doctors of education or glorified NEA-clique educationists.

This failure to capture the chief administrative posts in universities and colleges has sorely vexed the hierarchy of public school administrators in America: the patronage network of Teachers College, Columbia; the mutual co-prosperity sphere of the Deweyites. The National Education Association zealots have captured the public schools and the teachers' colleges, but there their empire ends; and their most defiant critics remain entrenched in universities and colleges. The faculties of the schools of education at state and private universities find themselves held in contempt by their scientific and humane colleagues; and while they may influence the policy of their university, they rarely are able to dictate that policy altogether.

The *libido dominandi* knowing no bounds, the educationist-clique has been seeking new ways to conquer the remaining bastions of "traditionalist" education. Their latest device is to establish, in schools of education at reputable universities, curricula in "higher education" for present and aspiring college and university administrators. The educationists hope that these adequately brainwashed and indoctrinated candidates for important administrative posts in higher education, being allegedly "experts" in educational administration with degrees or diplomas in that especial field, in future will be chosen by state and private boards of regents and trustees as university and college presidents. And once these gentry are in power, woe to the rash professor who ventures to mutter unkind strictures upon schools of education, or the National Education Association, or St. John Dewey, or the Blessed W. H. Kilpatrick!

Such programs for training university and college administrators are being established in three or four universities—though as yet these are only in the formative stage. The most ambitious is the Center for the Study of Higher Education at the University of Michigan, financed by the Carnegie Corporation ($400,000, initially). This center is directed by a typical educationist zealot, Dr. Algo Henderson, Professor of Higher Education. It offers fellowships in college administration "for college and university junior administrators"—and has other schemes, including an annual institute and "field services." One of the more ominous plans is a program to "improve college teachers" by enrolling them in two courses, "The College Teacher I and II," "designed to teach the skills of planning a course and using diversified methods in teaching it." Other courses, such as one on Current Problems in Higher Education and one on The Community College, are intended to give the student "an understanding of the dynamic forces and problems that confront the college student and teacher." Uh-huh. This "student," you understand, is a college professor who has delivered himself unto the tender mercies of the educationists, for retooling. As the same bulletin of the Center for the Study of Higher Education complacently observes, "Several states require from ten to twenty hours of professional education for junior college certification. Michigan requires fifteen." The education-school zealots look forward to that joyous consummation when university professors of physics and Greek and moral philosophy will be required to enroll in their courses in Tests and Measurements or Philososphy of Classroom Adjustment.

"As the colleges and universities grow in number, size, and complexity, more administrators will be required and greater skill in administration will be needed," this fascinating bulletin informs us. To satisfy the wants of this bureaucracy of Academe, the Center for the Study of Higher Education is providing courses (taught by professors of education) in Current Problems of Higher Education, College Organization and Administration, The Community College, General Education on the College Level and The College Teacher.

Time was when a college president or dean was expected to be a learned man. In the Scottish universities, today as yesterday, the deans are conscripts: that is, they are professors who are compelled to perform in rotation, for a few years, the dreary duties of deanship. Upon being relieved by some conscript colleague, they escape with rejoicing back into professional life. They make good deans. I doubt that the deans—and presidents—produced by educationist centers will make good scholars, or bosses of scholars.

The Enchantress: Majority Rule

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Felix Morley's *Freedom and Federalism* (Regnery, $5.00) represents the recrudescence of a way of thinking about the American Republic that was all but obliterated by the political "scientists" of the Charles A. Beard-J. Allen Smith generation. Behind Mr. Morley one can discern some distant and shadowy figures—the wise face of the John W. Burgess who wrote *The Reconciliation of Government and Liberty,* the piercing look of the William Graham Sumner who wrote off the Spanish-American War as *The Conquest of the United States by Spain.* Since these men and their works have been largely forgotten, Mr. Morley's idiom will sound strange to the ears of the average modern political science college "major." Indeed, Mr. Morley is as archaic as the authors of the *Federalist Papers* themselves—or, as one may be permitted to hope, as modern as the day after tomorrow.

To Beard and Smith and the rest of their loyal legion, it was a question of "What Lola wants, Lola gets." Lola, the enchantress, was Majority Rule—or, to use Rousseau's mystical term, the *volunté générale,* or General Will. The Founding Fathers, distrusting Lola, had decided there were some things which the voracious girl should never have. Or, if she was to be permitted her way in certain areas, it must be within the confines of the small locality, ranging from the township and the county up to the single, separate state. To circumscribe Lola, the Founders made a rather strict enumeration of the Shalts and Shalt Nots of the case. Certain federal powers were to be left open to Lola's manipulation. Other rights and powers, including anything and everything *not* enumerated, were reserved to the constituent states of the Republic, or to the citizens acting as freely choosing individuals or in concert as freely associating groups.

As champions of Lola, the historiographical firm of Beard, Smith, Commager and Whomever has found the guide line of our national drama in the efforts of Populists, Bryanite Democrats and Modern Republicans to get rid of our original constitutional contraption. The story is a familiar one, with the "strong" Presidents—Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson, the two Roosevelts—playing the role of Hero in subduing villainous States' Righters or equally maleficent individualists. The Founding Fathers had set up the Republic in such a way that it was difficult for proponents of the General Will to override local customs or to put the central State into the business of providing lavish handouts to "gimme" groups or indigent individuals. But the Fourteenth Amendment, with its Section One which stipulated that "no State shall . . . deprive any person of life, liberty, or property . . . nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws," put all civil and economic rights under national rather than state protection. And the Sixteenth Amendment, which permitted the levying of a steeply graduated personal income tax, eventually provided Washington with funds to subvert local initiative. Between them, the Fourteenth and Sixteenth Amendments have enabled the federal government to force the General Will on the habit patterns of widely dissimilar regions and to prescribe the same sort of expensive Service State for everybody.

The tendency of the Beard-Smith-Commager school is to argue that modern necessities have compelled our centralizing tendencies. But to Mr. Morley, it is the centralizers who have created the supposed modern necessities in the first place. Mr. Morley follows Avery Craven in thinking that slavery would have been abolished in due time for compelling local economic reasons without the war that forced the Fourteenth Amendment. He follows William Graham Sumner in regarding the Spanish-American War as a totally gratuitous act which put us into the business of dictating to "colonial" peoples and to "expanding" overseas just as Spain had been doing for time out of mind. And he follows Professor Burgess in his view that the progressive income tax forces socialism and the need for a Service State on the people for the simple reason that it dries up the private money supply that was formerly devoted to individual charities and to the creation and enlargement of voluntary enterprises.

To the Beard-Smith-Commager way of thinking, the General Will is always—or almost always—right. But to Mr. Morley, who follows Madison in believing that pure democracies normally end in dictatorships which presume to speak for the "people" without bothering to consult them, the General Will is a myth. At one time it may be the opinion of a numerical 51 per cent of the adult voting population; at another time it may be the assumption of the chairman of a congressional committee; at still another time it could be something originating in the mind of the Executive. But even if the General Will represented the demand of 99 per cent of the people, it could be wrong.

The virtue of the federal form of government, with certain powers and rights reserved to constituent states and individuals and with a check-and-balance system working in the capital, is that it makes it very difficult for anybody to impose his idea of the General Will on recalcitrant minorities or individuals anywhere. But to maintain the requisite federal check-and-balance system a people

must have what is at bottom a religious faith. As Mr. Morley insists, the practice of liberty is dependent upon a population which believes, with Cicero, that "law is neither a thing contrived by the genius of man nor established by any decree of the people, but a certain eternal principle which governs the entire universe, wisely commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong." A population which holds to this religious perception of "natural law" will have the gumption and the fortitude to depend on itself and on its local agencies without running to a centralized State for aid in extremity. Once the people have lost the belief in "natural law," however, they will be easy marks for demagogues who offer "positive" law—and money seized by the central taxgatherer—as a cure for everything.

In his analysis of the historical trends that have brought us to the socialism of the Sixteenth Amendment and a calculated development of "nationalization through foreign policy," Mr. Morley spares nobody. He blames the Republicans of the post-Civil War generation for using the Fourteenth Amendment to override the constituent states when they tried to regulate economics at home. The post-Civil War Republicans would not permit the states to interfere with corporate "persons" any more than with freed Negroes. But what the "plutocrats" could do in the name of protecting corporate "persons" against state governments, Populists and "democrats" could also do to protect their own. On the one hand, the Populists and democrats forced such things as the federal Interstate Commerce Commission; on the other hand, they demanded immunities for labor unions. Thus, as William Graham Sumner had predicted, the war between "plutocracy" and "democracy" for control of the unitary central State has ended with the subversion of the old Republic. And both major parties are at fault.

Despite the fact that the Fourteenth and Sixteenth Amendments are still very much a part of the basic law of the land, Mr. Morley persists in a hopeful attitude. He notes the "revival of interposition" in the southern states following hard upon the attempt of the federal government to force its own pace of "integration" on school systems everywhere. He notes a rising disbelief in the efficacy of the Service State to solve our economic problems without further adventures in inflation. He notes a turn from the idea that foreign loans and giveaways can be counted on to buy trustworthy allies or to spread "democracy" where it has no native growing points.

None of which, of course, does much to get rid of the Sixteenth Amendment. But if Mr. Morley is right, even that would come once the American people have recovered the faith in the Natural Law that inspired the Founders to write a Constitution which insisted that immunities, if they are to mean anything, must remain immutable. When certain ancient spiritual values are recovered, the amendments that have perverted the Constitution will in the nature of things be reamended. And the "general will" will no longer ride roughshod over powers that belong to the localities, or individual rights that were once considered unalienable.

The Heathnik and the Hero

J. D. FUTCH

FEW READERS—or let's say devotees—of *Life* and *Look* magazines can have forgotten Britain's bright young Heathnik, Colin Wilson. Well, right out of his sleeping bag on Hampstead Heath, he's back. In *The Stature of Man* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00), anyone can recognize the Wilson of *The Outsider* who delights to astonish with the great range (if not depth) of his knowledge of modern letters, criticism and sociology. This time, however, the extravagant play of his own speculations has been reined in, for not even the contrariest of *enfants terribles* can play forever in a child's garden of the perverse. There are signs that this one is beginning to settle down.

Two questions, at least, confront us in this book. First, is Colin Wilson going to repeat the dismal experience of Wilde's silent old gentleman who had said everything he had had to say before he was thirty? And then, is Colin Wilson one of "them" or one of "us"? Leaving the event to answer the first, I shall make a start on the second point.

The question of "the stature of man" is precisely the issue which the collapse of the Classical-Christian world has reopened. It centers upon the decomposition of traditional society and social tradition, arising from the crisis in religion and philosophy growing out of the Enlightenment, from the corresponding political crisis opened by the French Revolution and never since closed, and from the substitution of what Disraeli called "aggregation" for "community" in consequence of the Industrial Revolution. This is the complex of catastrophe that surrounds the human problem Wilson tackles in his essay.

The terms in which it is presented revolve, first, around David Riesman's distinction between inner-directed and outer-directed man. (Significantly, Riesman's third category—tradition-directed man—is absent from the book.) Wilson correctly fixes a connection between the rise of other-direction and the development of the hypothesis of the individual's insignificance. This he traces and traces *and* traces in an exhaustive survey of modern letters.

The abandonment of men's faith in the meaning of their lives, in their destiny—in themselves—is close to the root of the conservative's concern over the drift of modern thinking and feeling. To the extent that Colin Wilson has, first of all, recognized the existence of such a problem and, next, presented so keen an analysis of it, we can put him down as one of the Good Guys. But the proposed solution invokes the superman, whom Wilson calls by an older name: the hero. And the path to the new heroism leads us by way of the most improbable of all routes, through existentialism. Or so Wilson claims. However, in a lengthy section on the existentialism of Sartre (and Camus), he refuses to accept either the absence of "human purpose" in existentialism, or its denial that "great art *is* action," or the Communism embraced by its most notorious exponent, Sartre.

Though he begins by describing his philosophy as "aiming to emphasize man's freedom" and as capable of furnishing tools for dissecting the problem of the hero and inner-direction, he ends with a Romantic call for "a new existentialism" which would be (quite unlike the one we know) "a mystical revolt, based on recognition of the irrational urge that underlies man's conscious reason." Leaving aside the classical rejection of these urges, and Christianity's safety valve for them, we would simply pause long enough to ask where and if Colin Wilson and his readers are likely to be talking about the same thing in the matter of existentialism, new and old.

Silly as it will sound, he invites us to seek an introduction to the new hero in the characters of George Bernard Shaw. Nowadays, unjustly or (I would say) justly, Shaw has dropped into that disrepute that falls to so many writers in the generation or two after their death; and it may be that GBS has found in this essay one of the early moves toward his rehabilitation:

> As long as I [says Shaw's hero] can conceive something better than myself, I cannot be easy unless I am striving to bring it into existence. . . . The mammoth and the man, the mouse and the megatherium . . . are all more or less successful attempts to build up that raw force into higher and higher individuals, the ideal individual being omnipotent, omniscient, infallible, and withal completely unilludedly self-conscious; in short, a god.

And the priests of the new god: the writer and the artist, they who assert "a sense of order, of the power of the human spirit, into the sordid conflict of our everyday lives . . . inspiring men with new energy and purpose. Life is inconceivable without this vision of purpose. The works of Plato [and] Mozart . . . represent an ideal that keeps civilization moving forward: the possibility that men of the future might no longer be forced to stumble and fumble through lives of unending trivialities, but might somehow live with the gaiety and power of the Jupiter Symphony. . . ."

A noble cry—"live with the gaiety and power of the Jupiter Symphony"! But how? Is this cry not raised in willful disregard of the tragic aspects of human destiny which, if anything, overshadow the heroic? And yet Colin Wilson's approach to the *malaise* of our time represents a significant step in the right direction, for he has recalled attention to the fact that our suffering grows up within us and not around us, and that society and the state are powerless to rescue us.

All that is lacking is "this vision of purpose" to man's life. Warmed-over errors of an age that lost its way—not even new existentialisms—can inspire such insights. They must arise from the abandoned ground of that accumulated wisdom and intuition which is the foundation of howeversomuch of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful mankind has reached. Until this ground has been regained our best efforts to recover the noble stature of man can hardly escape defeat.

The Miracle of Wine

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

MR. ALEC WAUGH'S *In Praise of Wine* (Sloane, $6.00) is a book that every hack who scribbles notes upon other men's books ought to read. It will teach him the meaning of civility and it might teach him how to write. At its best it will tell him all about wine, about the grape grown, trodden, bottled, aged, corked, decanted, and drunk.

Like a good Englishman, the author disdains any pretensions to a superior knowledge of wine, but the man commissioned by the House of Gilbey to write its history is certainly among the leading amateurs in the Western world, and those who read him will go away instructed, enlightened, and in need of wine. Waugh's prose breeds a passion for a big wine, for a Burgundy, and he quotes with relish from Hilaire Belloc's address to a Saintsbury Club dinner: "And when I depart from this earth to appear before my beloved Lord to account for my sins, which have been scarlet, I shall say to Him: 'I cannot remember the name of the village; I do not even recollect the name of the girl, but the wine, my God! was Chambertin!' "

Waugh has spent a lifetime in pursuit of the grape. In so doing he has fulfilled and completed an apostolic injunction, for if a little wine is good for thy stomach's sake, a noble commentator upon the text has added that much wine is good for thy soul's. Waugh has made the pilgrimage to the Bordeaux country, to the Douro in Portugal where they still tramp the grape barefoot; he knows the island of Madeira; the Champagne; and he left Jerez de la Frontera in better shape than I did.

This is a splendid book whose spine is stamped all over and up and down with grapes but whose cover looks more like a Pink Lady than Tavel Rosé. There are those who will never forgive Waugh for having included that potato-bred potation, that poteen universal, that goes by the name of whiskey. But there is an irritating urbanity to this book that proves even to the satisfaction of those of us who

belong to the Vinous Order of the Strict Observance that Scotch was brewed before the Reformation and that thus permits us to go on doing with an easier conscience what we have been doing all along: *i.e.*, drinking, if never paying for, Scotch. Waugh has the Exchequer Rolls for 1494 to prove it to us: "Friar John Cor is issued bolls of malt wherewith to make *aqua vitae*."

In Praise of Wine ought to be read by all writers who drink wine. If they drink this book over wine they will think long on the kind of book that *they* would have written about wine. This will make them happy and pleased with themselves. It will also heighten the excellence of Mr. Waugh's achievement: he, at least, is interested in wine for itself, in this

divine essence which once made a great medievalist of our time doubt, if but for an instant, that existence is superior to essence.

But had *I* written about wine I would have written a very bad polemical tract for the better beating upon the head of all my enemies. I would have proved the superiority of Merrie England to its Whiggish aftermath by pointing to the gin-sodden figures of Hogarth, and I would have praised the yeomanry of a more decent past, a yeomanry that ate and drank its own. I would ponder long over the observation of that friend of Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn who maintains that the martini is a left-wing drink and, being of a fanatical and reactionary cast of mind, I would measure every polity by the excellence of the wine it grew and by the quantity of the wine it drank, for most assuredly the consumption of much wine is among the few infallible signs of liberty. When Mendès-France raised aloft the standard of milk against wine some years ago in France, I—without ever having heard of him before—deduced even to his last speech his shoddy and canting career.

But Mr. Waugh does not relieve the feelings of his civilized readers (uncivilized ones this book will never have) by political tub thumping. He sticks to the point: Wine. One suspects that he is possibly a bit too civilized. Although he excoriates and destroys once and for all that most obnoxious of beings, the wine snob, Mr. Waugh is certainly not a wine and cheese man. I would hesitate to cross swords with him on most of the business pertaining to wine, but I would maintain that crumbling cheddar, a slice of apple, and port make a meal all by themselves. I also question why his brief appendix devoted to California wines omits Wente Brothers Pinot Noir, a wine certainly superior to that found anywhere else in the United States.

In Praise of Wine makes me want to know Mr. Waugh in the flesh, a bottle of wine on the table between us. I could tell him about Pisco sour which I learned to like in a four-masted barque off the coast of Peru some years ago, a divine liquid hoarded by a captain with bad kidneys who already had reason enough to suspect the vinous propensities of his American supercargo. And I could ask him why his splendid wine map fails to sketch in Navarre and the Tyrol where they bring forth red wines as clear as the mountain air and the freedom that is bred only in those final conclaves of Western liberty and heroism: there I have drunk to king and emperor more than once with wines that tasted as distant bells sound in early morning when placed high in the hills and apart from all things modern and vulgar. But more than anything else, I should like to ask Mr. Waugh why he ruined his final line, writing "the miracle that is *in* wine." Is not wine itself *the* miracle? Excepting Bread alone, only Wine is God.

Movies

The Lotus-Eaters

GARRY WILLS

APOCALYPSES are a sticky business. *On the Beach,* the movie made from Nevil Shute's novel, proves that however easy the scientists make it for man to destroy himself, it is just as difficult as it ever was to *imagine* the way the world ends. Few artists possess the literal finesse needed to finish the world.

Successful apocalyptic literature appeals to symbols of man's critical nature, to the clash of absolutes. In the modern world we have learned to write of man's last tryst with fate as something anti-climactic. Once society is separated into individual souls —into mysterious units subject to an ultimate test and judgment—the modern prophet can no longer "improve social conditions." The last moral possibilities of man disappear for the Liberal when "the family of man" is broken into its irreducible members.

This explains the deep terror of the Liberal faced with the hydrogen bomb. The mushroom cloud is not only a physical threat; with one touch of diabolic reality it shatters the pretense that man is a bee whose only business it is to build a better hive. The bomb offers a nihilist vision, in which mere physical impact can swallow up what is left of "justice" and other concepts once considered eternal, leaving a yawning world where crisis and judgment are impossible.

That empty world of the Liberal's vision, drained of all meaning, yawns deep before us in *On the Beach*—two hours of suspenseless, tensionless activity which Stanley Kramer stirs up in the dregs of a disappearing race. Irrelevant jolts are given one occasionally, sharp jabs of sound and light, but the movie is spiritually motionless, the hush of a post-world. The hydrogen war has occurred by the time the story opens, and wiped out all of our race except for a huddle of leftovers in Australia; and they can only wait for the globe-enveloping cloud of radioactivity to cover them. The cast is mechanically varied—a British scientist (Fred Astaire), an American submarine commander (Gregory Peck), an Australian naval officer (Anthony Perkins), a disintegrating trollop (Ava Gardner)—but the same paralysis affects them all. There is not even hatred or regret, far less repentance or purpose, to stiffen the people in this picture without a frame. The war was a mere accident; the bomb simply grew until—a button was pushed by accident, a mechanical process triggered—it swallowed everything. The Liberal nihilism dictates the entire vision.

Stanley Kramer's considerable talents as a director are blunted by the message he comes to preach. Because nothing can happen in this underwater world of unreality, there is no suspense, continuity, or conflict. The story wanders from person to person, from place to place, never quickening or stopping the blood, never involving us as human beings. Eisenstein tricks are played with the innards of the American submarine, with the false violence of an auto race, with the sound track that relentlessly and irrelevantly plays *Waltzing Matilda* for the whole two hours.

Some stereotypes of casting are disturbed: Fred Astaire does not appear in dancing pumps and a dapper air; Ava Gardner does not wear a girdle and a hygienic smile. But Gregory Peck is even stronger and more silent and more stupid; and Anthony Perkins is the same fidgeting, shuffling incarnation of "the method," a nice young fellow always trying to smile and never quite succeeding. For a few minutes it looks as if the ache of a love story may be conveyed in Ava Gardner's dazed reliance on the American commander, but Peck, the Hollywood basilisk, freezes this stir of life with his blank visage.

THE MOVIE has neither plot nor character; only that *unum necessarium*, Message. The Liberal plea is presented with a depth of sincerity and fear that is astounding. Not only war, but all dialectic, all struggle, all transcending of violence, are disallowed. Death is not seen or imagined, only empty streets. There is no human clash, no fire struck from flint. Because there can be no military duel, the deeper duel of the sexes, even the battle between the mind and reality, is disengaged. Every bow is unstrung—the warrior Apollo's, but also those of Eros and the Muses.

This thoroughgoing metaphysical pacifism may well have the opposite of its intended effect. The Liberal code, which makes of social good the absolute value, and of a bomb the absolute destruction of value, leaves no dignity to the isolated and endangered soul. If war is hell, this warlessness is a new depth of horror, where fires of love and hate can neither punish nor purge. If the bomb can take our life, such bomb-banning as this can take all meaning from life.

Our civilization was built on a choice which again faces us, a choice that was symbolized in Odysseus' departure from the region of the lotus-eaters. When he left that placid and subhuman utopia, returning to the dangers of a sea-passage and the promise of a human goal, of love hedged with danger, he asserted the moral value of man alone in the storm. The lotus-eaters are returned, and they would feed us all, quiet our conflicts, put us in a stupor of compassion. From what is left in us of Odysseus, there is only one answer: Better the storm.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE NEW INFLATION, by Willard L. Thorp and Richard E. Quandt (McGraw-Hill, $5.00). The correct analysis of the inflation poison remains one of the glories of the classical economists and their followers. They knew unerringly what inflation was and is: the pumping of new money into the economy by government and its controlled banking system, *i.e.*, a process of legalized counterfeiting. They demonstrated its effects: a disruptive rise in prices, dislocation and eventual wrecking of the currency, the instigation of the cycle of boom and depression. The "hard money" policies of classical economics have always been bitterly fought by those who benefit, in some way, from inflation: nowadays, largely bureaucrats, statist ideologues and labor unions. Periodically, the cry arises that the classical teachings have been made obsolete by "new conditions." Such is the fallacious plea of Thorp and Quandt. Trying to explain inflation to the general reader, the authors: a) thoroughly obfuscate its nature and causes; b) belittle "tight" money restraints as ineffectual, yet strong enough to hamper growth and create unemployment, and c) support creeping inflation. Runaway inflation, it seems, simply Can't Happen Here. M. N. ROTHBARD

JEFFERSON DAVIS, CONFEDERATE PRESIDENT, by Hudson Strode (Harcourt, Brace, $6.75). If Lincoln is almost always painted larger than life, Jefferson Davis is usually just painted black. No Carl Sandburg has fawned on him, and historians have not found much to praise—until Mr. Strode came along. In this, the second volume of his biography, he continues his well-written and persuasive efforts to resurrect, without whitewashing, the reputation of the cold and flinty leader of the Great Rebellion. This part of the series (there will be at least one more volume) covers only the years 1861 through 1863; and while the reader is left hanging in mid-air at the climax of the war, it is still good enough to stand on its own. Davis' story is largely unknown, as is the cast of characters—the heroes, and the scheming generals and politicians—who acted out the political drama on the other side of the stage from their more celebrated Northern counterparts. But they are just as fascinating. J. P. MC FADDEN

CANDIDATES 1960, edited by Eric Severeid (Basic Books, $4.95). This volume is designed primarily to discredit Vice President Nixon, while impartially promoting the aspirations of Nelson Rockefeller and four major Democrats (Lyndon Johnson is given relatively brief consideration). The first article on Nixon, entitled "Political Pitchman," is a cheap, sickening attack which does not hesitate to hit below the belt—as when it seeks to ridicule Nixon concerning such completely private matters as his courtship of his wife. The Rockefeller essay is a flagrant mash note which portrays the Governor's cobwebbed days in the New Deal bureaucracy as a triumph of executive skill. The book suggests that even a "new Nixon" cannot assuage the ancient hatreds of the Left. M. S. EVANS

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To the Editor

Colleges vs. Loyalty

Mr. Buckley's otherwise excellent article on the refusal of Yale and Harvard to continue in the federal scholarship program because of the loyalty oath requirement [December 5] concedes too readily the contention of the *New York Times* that such oaths are of little practical use because subversives do not hesitate to swear falsely.

It is perfectly true, of course, that a Communist has no moral compunction against taking the name of the Lord in vain; but Communists like to stay out of jail, and a Communist is very likely indeed to be deterred from applying for a federal scholarship if he knows that, in order to get it, he must swear, under pain of the penalties for perjury, that he does not seek to alter our form of government by force or violence.

Every card-carrying American Communist knows that, however unfamiliar his activities may be to the authorities at Yale and Harvard, there is an excellent chance that they are known to undercover agents of the FBI. And even if he is reasonably sure that he has eluded the surveillance of such agents, nothing can insure him against the risk of exposure by some present fellow-Communist who turns against the Party before the statute of limitations has run on any perjury that may have been committed.

The loyalty oath provision may not "dredge us up a single subversive," but it assuredly keeps plenty of Communists from applying for federal scholarships at Yale or Harvard. Or did.

New York City R.A.W.

Bang-Jensen

The tragic end of the life of Povl Bang-Jensen, one of the few people in the West who did something effective to help the Hungarian freedom fighters, recalls the lines of Shelley:

> I met Murder on the way
> He had a mask like Castlereagh

No one who read the excellent exposé of the persecution of Bang-Jensen in NATIONAL REVIEW [January 3, 1959] would have any difficulty in supplying modern synonyms for "Castlereagh."

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Cambridge, Mass.

The death of Povl Bang-Jensen has indeed removed a stubborn block from the path of those in the United Nations who would wish to erase from the memory of man the frightful truth of the suppression of the revolt in Hungary three years ago. The Soviets wish us to forget this past history, and how convenient, as the first step, is the death of Bang-Jensen. . . .

The verdict of suicide is hard to believe. Men of the moral and ethical integrity of Bang-Jensen do not wantonly destroy a life, whether it be their own or those of others.

Towson, Md. DAVID S. LEYS

Suicide and the Status Quo

I disagree with Dr. Kirk [November 21] when he says that it is not the business of the high school teacher to philosophize or reflect upon life, that such business is more properly handled by trained philosophers. . . .

To knuckle to the socialist status quo today is to commit suicide of the mind. I know that most college instructors are my intellectual peers and that as a high school biology teacher I'm far afield commenting about politics, but something tells me the Left is sick, sick, sick. If I can in the high school (and there are moments when I will whether it is thought ethical or not), I am going to do everything in my power to immunize my students against the heart and head shrinkers who are crawling like maggots over the fetid carcasses of our once great universities. . . .

We, the high school teachers, are the ones who respect tradition; they, the college profs, the dabblers in life, are the ones who do not. We are not writing the books about filthy nothingness; they are, perhaps because they have some writing talent but more likely because they know the subject so well.

We may go down, but by golly let's go down swinging. . . .

Wauwatosa, Wis. DAVID TILLOTSON

An Appeal

This year we, a group of students at [an East coast college], are trying an experiment to stimulate conservative thought on our campus. Part of our plan is to distribute copies of NATIONAL REVIEW gratis to those seriously desiring to receive the magazine. So far we have distributed one issue, and it has met with wide approval and interest. Unfortunately, we are unable to finance this program alone and may be forced to terminate it. Therefore, we make this appeal for financial aid to anyone who might be interested in helping to crystallize conservative, anti-socialistic feeling among college students. The amount needed is just $105. Thank you.

(Name withheld by request)

Contributions made out to NATIONAL REVIEW *and addressed to Dept. WR, in care of this office, will be applied to defray the cost of the program described by the writer.*—Ed.

Pomona (cont'd.)

. . . I wish to commend you on your fine article about Pomona College by Allan Ryskind [November 7]. I too am a Pomona graduate. I knew Ryskind when I was at Pomona; I also knew something about the situation which existed in the political science department although I myself had no real connection with the department. Sadly, I must admit that what Mr. Ryskind says is true—at, of all places, Pomona! I appreciate the article very much.

(Name withheld by request)

Washington, D.C.

The Liberal Disease

In his characteristically perceptive diagnosis of the diseases Liberalism breeds and the remedies conservatives should offer [November 7], Mr. Frank S. Meyer seems to reject one useful antidote: Fabian tactics. . . .

For example, universal compulsory public education is at least implicitly totalitarian, and we should proclaim this in season and out; but need this deter us from bending every effort to salvage something from the wreckage of our public schools? Again, we deplore swollen budgets; but should we not give approval, however qualified, to Eisenhower's (so-called) austerity, as against the profligacy of a Proxmire? Examples could be multiplied.

Mr. Meyer sees where we are

headed—and assumes that we are already there. Twice in his article he states that we are "cut loose from *all* [italics mine] fixed standards." Not quite. This analysis, and the corollaries that flow from it, are better applied to the enemy. We have yet to exhaust the capital of our heritage, and so we still have room for maneuver—though of course the area dwindles.

Mr. Meyer forgets that we are playing for time. We see the bankruptcy of Liberalism; soon, perhaps, others may see it too. They won't see it, certainly, if conservatives fail to heed the call to principle issued by such indispensable thinkers as Mr. Meyer; but neither will they see it if he doesn't give them time. Mr. Meyer writes in measured accents, but the apocalyptic keeps breaking through.

This is seed time; restoration, if it is to come, will only come with the harvest. Some may object that we have passed the point of no return; but even if this be true, what is gained by leaving the realm of politics entirely to the wreckers?

New York City ROGER THOMAS

Eyes That Were Dry

In your November 14 issue you stated:

> It is unpleasant to say it, but Charles Van Doren's final performance—which elicited benedictions from every member of the congressional committee seated around the table save the last (Mr. Derounian saw no reason to congratulate an adult "merely for telling the truth")—was less convincing than the other performances he faked. . . .

For the sake of accuracy, I wish to call your attention to the article appearing in the *New York Times* with a Washington date line of November 4, under the byline of Arthur Krock, in which comment was made concerning commendation by various members on the Committee for Charles Van Doren. The last paragraph accurately reported:

> Representatives Flynt of Georgia, Moss of California, and Devine of Ohio refrained from commendation. Representative Derounian of New York observed that in the circumstances, he could not see where commendation was due. . . .

The above is being called to your attention in the interest of accuracy.

REP. SAMUEL L. DEVINE

Washington, D. C.

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More Boo Hoo

Which of the fine old American cultural values so important for conservatives to conserve are illustrated by Noel Parmentel's tasteless name-hurling attack on the father, mother, uncle and aunt of Charles Van Doren [November 21]? Is the Conservative case so depleted of factual and logical content that you must resort to the pestilential rhetorical tactics of the *Daily Worker*? If so, where will ladies and gentlemen who may be weary of Liberalism but are not yet quite ready to consort with waterfront ruffians turn to find their intellectual companions? I would be most discouraged with the editors of *NR* did I not suspect that actually you had something of a bad taste in your mouths as you ran this one. . . .

Yours for courteous conservatism,

JOHN O. WALLER
Associate Professor of English
Walla Walla College
College Place, Wash.

I hope there will be more articles by Noel E. Parmentel Jr. in the near future. His handling of the Charles Van Doren matter was excellent in all respects.

Brooklyn, N. Y. MARTIN T. McCALL

. . . Then to allow that childish piece about the Van Dorens in *NR*. Why, and for what possible reason? In the first place, the author's facts were wrong. There was a dry eye and it belonged to Rep. Derounian, and I'm with him, if we're choosing sides. I think C.V.D. and all the others should be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law for lying to the Grand Jury, fraud and any other violations involved. But I see no reason to take his family apart.

Mr. Parmentel's article affected me the same way that those articles by women columnists on Khrushchev's wife's clothes did. Oi! . . .

Glen Ridge, N. J. MARY LOU McLOUGHLIN

. . . A short time before the whole quiz show business blew up I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Shirley Bernstein of *The $64,000 Question*, mentioned by Mr. Parmentel, and alleged by him to have accepted various juicy gifts and kickbacks. My impression of Shirley was of a lady exclusively composed of enormous teeth, flashing hands and a big bunch of hair. . . . I then asked her about the geniuses of *The $64,000 Question*. Her enthusiasm boiled over. The teeth flashed like big white picket fences. The hands flew in a blur. The hair streamed straight up. I asked her if the contestants were really such geniuses, and she stared at me with vivid affront and sudden hate. Why, of course they were! They were fanTAStic. "Really fanTAStic!" screamed Shirley. Especially the little colored girl speller. She was especially fanTAStic. . . .

(Name withheld by request)
New York City

Special congratulations on your articles "The Big Silence" and "Boo Hoo." They are the finest yet on the TV Scandals affair.

This brings to mind some wisdom of Confucian Scriptures:

> Learning without thought is a snare; thought without learning is a danger. Shall I give you a lesson about knowledge? When you know a thing, maintain that you know it; and when you do not, acknowledge your ignorance. This is characteristic of knowledge. It is moral cowardice to leave undone what one perceives to be right to do.

Alamo, Tex. MRS. D. C. RING

That article on Van Doren really said it all. It was as devastating a piece as I've seen for quite a while.

Heartiest applause!

Ridgewood, N. J. FINIS FARR

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